

The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY HAMILTON AND MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS NELSON
IN "NELSON'S ENCHANTRESS," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M^{RS}SRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A T—R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

"No, it isn't sold!" This exclamation rises to my lips every day, as I gaze into a jeweller's window, where a diamond cross has been serving as deputy for the sun during our gloomy winter. This cross, which has in the centre a great pink gem, known to the Orient as the "Light of Faith," is offered to a discriminating public for a trifle under eleven thousand pounds—a mere bagatelle, which the present owner of the jewels, an Eastern prince, proposes to devote to charity. I confess that I yearn to possess the "Light of Faith," though my banking account is distressingly remote from the prize. It is not that I want to dazzle literary salons with the great pink diamond on my shirt-front, nor yet to see it sparkling on the corsage of some heroically-moulded dowager for whom I have a respectful esteem. As a personal ornament, the cross might be thought too overpowering, even at a New York ball. But, just as gold and silver cups, of unwieldy size, are awarded to champion athletes, and posed on sideboards aloof from mere domestic uses, so the "Light of Faith" might shine, even in the humblest drawing-room, as a trophy of wise discretion and penetrating sympathy in arts and letters.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has offered the sum of one guinea to anyone who will name the finest stylist in English prose during the last ten years. Very properly, Mr. Quiller-Couch declines to submit this issue to the degradation of a mere *plébiscite*. When the merit of writers is decided by votes, we know how it pains some unassuming weaver of romantic mysteries to find himself unworthily occupying the first place. In the present case he will not be exposed to this embarrassment, for Mr. Quiller-Couch is to be sole arbiter, and the guinea will go to the discerning competitor whose taste coincides with that of the donor. It is this arrangement which has fired my emulation. I want to give that diamond cross to the man or woman who agrees with me as to the identity of the most just and competent of our literary critics. You will allow that such a judgment is worth more than a guinea; it deserves to be transfigured for ever by the "Light of Faith"! But how am I to become possessed of that guerdon? Will the public contribute their shillings to the "Ditto to L. F. A. Fund"? I say "shillings" to prevent munificent subscribers from sending me ten-pound Bank of England notes, which are "suspect," pending certain inquiries by the police. Now, with 220,000 shillings in a sack, I can walk into Mr. Streeter's shop, spend a pleasant afternoon while he counts the silver, and bear off the cross in triumph. It may happen, of course, that quite a considerable number of persons will guess who is the transcendent literary critic in my estimation; but this will present no difficulty. The "Light of Faith" will pass from one glorified household to another in alphabetical order. I will myself superintend this progress at suitable intervals; indeed, the fortunate holders of the cross may form a guild, with a procession and a brass band; and I might head the show on a "sociable" bicycle, side by side with the person who has his or her turn with the trophy!

This idea is so strong upon me that already I can see an eminent painter committing our procession to canvas, like Leighton's picture of Cimabue's Madonna borne in triumph through the streets of Florence. As to the personality of the most estimable literary critic, that must remain veiled till I get my shillings. Meanwhile, I notice that some eminent members of my tribe have been letting out the secrets of the prison-house—how Jones is praised in this journal and abused in that, for purely interested motives; how some reviewers have been known to cite documents which they have not read; how, in short, the value of criticism is largely conditioned by the individuality that criticises. It is rather an old story, which, like many another, belongs to the complicated imperfections of human affairs; but I seem to have heard of men who frankly decline to review books which call them out of their rangé, or who content themselves with stating the author's point of view. This function, as Mr. Lang aptly says, is performed by the newsman in the Republic of letters, without whom many readers would never trouble themselves about the subject. As for the expert, he is wooed by editors night and day; yet he is the critic who commonly excites the fiercest animosities, simply because he often keeps a hobby saddled and bridled, and treats the book for review merely as a stirrup-cup. I need scarcely say that my veiled prophet is free from prejudice, has the widest horizon, never confuses the merits of a work with the objectionable habits of the writer—is, in brief, a paragon who ought to be exhibited in commemoration of her Majesty's glorious reign. Those shillings, please!

Everyone who has followed the evolution of the modern society novel must have noticed that the hero grows more and more indifferent to acts of physical courage. He rarely takes the villain by the throat, as in the brave days of old, but summons lawyers or detectives, and handles no weapon more dangerous to the person than repartee. He is not fond of saving the heroine's life, nor of exalting himself in her eyes by some conspicuous feat of the daring that tries the nerves. This decline seems to have struck Mr. W. E. Norris, who, perceiving that courage is, after all, the fundamental quality of manhood, has contrived to illustrate it in a game of golf. You would scarcely think that the leisurely animation of the links would afford such an opportunity; but in "*Clarissa Furiosa*" you are reminded that the golf course at Pau adjoins the Gave, which is sometimes turbulent; and a caddie in quest of a lost ball falls into the stream, from which he is rescued in the nick of time by a British officer. A less skilful writer would have drawn the incident out of all proportion, thrust the captain's heroism, so to speak, down your incredulous throat, and made the natural effect on the heroine an excuse for melodrama. Mr. Norris gives to the salvage of the half-drowned caddie just the adroit touch that makes it life-like. The captain makes no fuss about himself; the lady's pulses do not gallop ahead of the well-bred crowd; and you are made to feel that the rigour of golf does not suffer from such an interruption. Here is courage restored without the slightest rhetoric to the most polished chronicles of our contemporary manners. I already see myself hitting a golf-ball over a cliff, the caddie, with the usual precipitation of his race, going down the face of the rock, the ladies of the company discreetly retiring (after the manner of the spirited young woman in "*A Pair of Blue Eyes*") to knot together certain garments, by the aid of which I am lowered in time to pick the rash youngster by the scruff of the neck from the perilous brink of a jutting ledge!

The delicate charm of this courage is that it is taken as a matter of course. When those knotted garments are returned to their fair owners, nobody will look in the least self-conscious. The caddie may tug the fore part of his hair as a graceful gesture of gratitude; but there will be no further demonstration. If I fail ignominiously at the last "hole," my adventure down the cliff will not save me from derision. How much more attractive is Mr. Norris's example of the part that courage ought to play in cultivated society than the specimens of that quality which we usually get in fiction! The hero makes his mere pluck an object of coarse parade. The scene is elaborately set. Golf-links would be deemed much too prosaic. There must be a horrid chasm in the mountains, or a tiger in the jungle, or a rush of bloodthirsty Soudanese, before the champion will condescend to show his paces. Then, amidst a fusillade of adjectives, he strikes an attitude of the crudest egotism; and all the feminine hearts in the subsequent chapters never cease to beat with fulsome rapture!

This method of impressing fictitious courage on the reader is made all the more obnoxious by a certain device of the publishers. Out of the book I am reading drop sheaves of loose advertisements. They consist of fragments of stories, beginning and ending in the middle of a sentence. Page 50 opens thus: "swallowed an oath and gazed at me with sulky brows. I saw his hand stealing to his sword. There was not a moment to be lost." The heroic narrator loses several moments, nevertheless, in reflections upon his responsibility, the inspiring eyes of his lady-love, and so forth; then he crosses swords with the oath-swallower, is hard pressed by his adversary's superior skill, and has just parried a deadly lunge, "when an imperious voice cried"—the end of the page. This is an appeal to the lowest instinct of curiosity. How often has the ignoble impulse to learn what the imperious voices cried kept the most sober and enlightened reader turning the leaves of the most foolish story! I don't feel this temptation so strongly now, because my repugnance to the ostentation of the average hero makes me suspicious that, on the next page, he is saved from the fate he richly deserved, and is more cock-a-hoop than ever. But, as the union of courage with becoming modesty is the most enduring mark of a superior race, I hope to see Mr. Norris's plan prevail with the story-tellers of our generation.

Rash is the man who claims to be the original inventor of a phrase. Mr. James Knowles believes he was the first to expound the theory of "brain-waves"; but now comes a witness that Mr. Knowles was anticipated by a sprightly American woman more than thirty years ago. I did not know, till I found it in Mr. Smeaton's "*Tobias Smollett*," that O'Connell's famous invective against Dizzy as the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief" is almost identical with Smollett's indictment of Sir Robert Walpole. Nothing is new in our trade, brother phrase-mongers! We do but give the old coin a fresh image and superscription.

THE BICYCLE WEDDING.

The pretty little story of Edwin and Angelina up-to-date, as told by Miss Katie Lawrence in her familiar ditty called "A Bicycle Built for Two," has ceased to be the mere figment of a vivid imagination. "Daisy Bell" has become a reality, for, if you happen to stroll down Regent Street, your eye will not fail to be caught at a certain bicycle-shop by a gay-looking "sociable" safety, picked out in light colours, decorated fore and aft with bridal blossoms, and resplendent with silken streamers bearing a legend in Italian. This wheel had the proud distinction of carrying to the little Roman Catholic Church of Notre Dame de France, in Leicester Place, on Sunday morning last week, the fair Mdle. Emily Pappacena and the choice of her heart, M. Achille de Gasperi. The bridal party started from the Comedy Restaurant in Pantion Street, while the white elephant on the theatre

opposite swung his great trunk approvingly on the function. They were followed by all Europe, one would have thought, mounted on twelve "sociable" and sixteen single bicycles, for the Babel of tongues indicated many nationalities, such a singular event demanding universal attention. An eager crowd, whose wonderment engaged the attention of an Inspector of Police and twelve constables, surged round the Golden Girl, who wore white satin, with a veil and orange-blossoms, just like a bride of long ago, while the blushing bridegroom was content to be quite modern in a shiny silk hat and black frock-coat. After the ceremony the wedding party wheeled merrily along Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and the Haymarket, back to the Comedy Restaurant. It was from a club in St. James's Street that I had the privilege of seeing this merry procession. Just beneath my window I heard a shriek. It came from a lady whose cavalier seemed unable to keep the front wheel of the "sociable" from wobbling. Presently she came off, and I fear a pretty blue dress was a little the worse for contact with the wood pavement. Perhaps the "sociable"

was too excited by so fair a burden to keep straight. But I understand they got back all right to the Comedy, which was quite the most appropriate place to welcome them, for the whole ceremony was as amusing a bit of comedy as London has seen on Sunday for many a day.

In future, those ladies who aspire to be bridesmaids must know how to ride, in case of emergencies, and the wheel-wedding is likely to become popular. The presence of bride and bridegroom in cycling-knickerbockers is sure to cause the officiating clergyman much doubt and uncertainty as to identity, and this will give the comic papers a chance. What an opportunity will come to the advocate of woman's rights! A little doubt, a little hesitation, and Angelina, the strong-minded New Woman, may get the mild-mannered Edwin to swear that he will love, honour, and obey. Imagine an Independent Theatre problem-play with the church triumph of the New Woman for a curtain. I have always contended that the cycle will bring about the emancipation of the ladies quicker than the efforts of journalists and legislators, even if these latter devoted their lives to the task. Evolution has hitherto worked in cycles, but to-day the cycle is making evolution hurry up. There is no saying where it is going to stop.

"LA POUPÉE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

It may be doubted whether "the doll wife" of David Copperfield was as charming as Alesia *la poupée* of Lancelot Chanterelle, whose marriage was made not in heaven, but in a toy-shop. It seems cruel that a monastery containing a reasonable proportion of good men should have been pushed to such financial straits as to take part in what it is difficult to call a "pious" fraud. Poverty, however, assailed the monastery in which Lancelot was a fervent novice, and the only way to raise money seemed by miracle, which forgot to happen, or a quaint unmonastic contrivance. Chanterelle, the uncle of Lancelot, very heartily disliked the idea that his handsome favourite nephew should take holy orders and live a celibate life, and to tempt him to earth and Eve offered a handsome sum to him to be paid on his wedding-day. What, then, was the scheme of the monks? It was to get this sum without, however, robbing the Church of Lancelot. He was to be married and yet be single.

The solution was curious. In the district was one Hilarius, the King of Doll-makers—one so skilled as to have almost Frankenstein's creating powers. It was imagined that he might provide a life-sized automaton with which Lancelot could go through a civil ceremony of marriage under the nose of his short-sighted uncle, and thus secure the money. "An impossible story," you will say, and Mr. Sturgess, who has cleverly Englished the book prettily written by M. Maurice Ordonneau, uses the same term. Yet in a fashion it came true. Lancelot went to the toy-shop, and arrived at the time when the triumph even of Hilarius' triumphs had just been finished. It was a walking, talking, dancing, singing, life-sized doll, and a speaking image of Alesia, the pretty, dainty daughter of the toy-maker. Now Alesia had seen Lancelot in church, and fallen in love with him. A little quarrel with her father caused the young lady to lose her temper, and she took a cruel vengeance: she pulled, not the nose, but the arm of her image, and spoiled part of the works. This crime was committed a few minutes before Lancelot came



THE BICYCLE WEDDING LEAVING THE COMEDY RESTAURANT.

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

to buy the doll. What was to be done? Hilarius wanted to show his *chef d'œuvre*, and to tell him the truth was out of the question. So Alesia had the audacity to take the doll's place and pretend to be a mere automaton; and she pretended so cleverly that her father, whose glasses were hidden, and Lancelot were deceived—deceived so completely that the marriage took place! After that you can guess that it was not very long before Lancelot found out that he had made a mistake—a delightful mistake, and I expect that Hilarius made some amazing toys for his grandchildren.

Mdle. Alice Favier was delightful as Alesia. Mr. Courtice Pounds acted well and sang very pleasantly as Lancelot. Of course, Mr. Willie Edouin was very funny in the part of the toy-maker Hilarius. Mr. Norman Salmond's rich voice was very valuable in the charming music of M. Audran. Everyone seems delighted with the new comic opera. Indeed, its success seems to confirm the belief that has been gradually gaining ground that we are to have a revival of real comic opera. That this should be supplied, as it was in the past, by French composers is not at all necessary, although both "A Pierrot's Life" and "La Poupée" were made in France.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.

Nice is full to overflowing (writes a correspondent); people have to resort to baths and billiard-tables to sleep in or on. H.M. Carnival



THE QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL.

the XXV. is reigning now, and for a few days more his power will be unlimited. He made his first appearance by torchlight with a small escort, and was driven in state to his palace of the "Place Masséna," whence he started on Sunday afternoon for the first grand procession. As a King he headed the show, which slowly made its way under the bluest of skies through the brightly decorated streets, and among the gayest of crowds. The monarch took this year the humble mien of a peasant riding a huge turkey in a rather queer position. His wife followed, looking down with a bland smile on her innumerable offspring piled up in baskets at her feet. A dolphin thirty-six feet long, surrounded by Polar bears, carried on its back a few bold explorers to the North Pole; then there were a gigantic gorilla, devouring the smaller and weaker monkeys which surrounded him; an enchantress holding the strings by which a number of little men were set in motion; the moving fans—a car covered with fans artistically decorated, and at night brilliantly illuminated, while on the top two huge fans revolved automatically, round which children and girls were dancing. I shall not attempt to give a description of all the items of the show; the cars were many, and groups of all descriptions, on foot, on horses, on donkeys, brightened the scene, moving as they did between and around the principal cars. Above all, the crowd was the very picture of excitement and mirth, and all, old and young, seemed bent on enjoying themselves to the utmost. Several English visitors have gained prizes in the merry carnival which engrosses attention.

"THE MACHAGGIS," AT THE GLOBE.

The MacHaggis is a clan of wild Highlanders of barbaric customs and lawless manners, which, if you accept the word of Mr. Jerome and Mr. Phillpotts, may be found to this day in the North of Scotland. It was the unhappy fate of Mr. James Grant, prig and teetotaler, suddenly to find himself chief of this clan. The greatness thrust upon him proved to be excruciatingly embarrassing. He was compelled to drink "whisky," and to listen to an intolerable deal of skirling on the pipes: human comfort was almost unknown in his realm, to which he made a triumphal entry, riding on a round shield with a spike in the centre. He might have borne all this patiently but for the fact that the ferociously amorous Eweretta, to escape from whom he fled to Scotland, followed him, and pestered him almost to death with her unpleasant courtship.

Now it was a custom of the MacHaggis clan that, if on State occasions a maid drank out of the sacred loving-cup after a man and used certain Gaelic words, a betrothal would come of it, which must be followed by a wedding or the shedding of "bluid." Plots were formed by Grant and Eweretta, and some of the clan as well, to use this custom as a means of settling certain matrimonial difficulties. It chanced, however, that the plots were inconsistent. The result was that, after ceremonies with the drinking-cup, it was found that Eweretta was betrothed both to Grant and his abhorred piper, Black Hamish. In order to simplify the position, Grant, much against his will, was forced to fight Black Hamish with targe and claymore. By accident Grant gave a kind of *coup de Jarnac* to his formidable opponent, and became sole claimant to Eweretta, who thereon at once fell in love with Hamish. Further troubles might have arisen if it had not chanced that a wise person, looking into the annals of the clan, found that Hamish was the real laird and Grant a mere impostor on whom the customs of the place were not binding.

The curious piece, much of which is presented in a dialect puzzling to a mere Saxon, is very well acted. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, our stage type of comic despair and misery, fitted perfectly into the part of James Grant. Miss Laura Johnson acted with immense energy as Eweretta, and a very pleasant performance was given by Miss Aumonier in the part of Grant's English sweetheart. Miss Beatrice Ferrar was delightful as a coquettish Scotch lassie. Clever work, too, was done by Mr. Blake Adams. The audience roared at the end in an ecstasy of delight, but the authors did not come on to bow their acknowledgments.



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"FIELDS OF FAIR RENOWN."

Mr. Joseph Hocking's pictures of Cornish life are always picturesque and powerful. The art of etching he has yet to learn, but his skill in delineating character by means of bold outlines and broad effects is undeniable. His last-published novel, "Fields of Fair Renown" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), is in many respects the best thing he has done. That his style, not to say his grammar, still leaves something to be desired must at once be admitted. Mr. Hocking speaks of "laying back in a chair," and splits his infinitives as unconcernedly as one might "split a soda." Even his popular novelist, who, we are told, has won the approbation of the leading literary journals, is apparently unaware that the past participle, not the past tense, is used in conjunction with the auxiliary verb. As a picture of London literary life, too, of which one suspects Mr. Hocking does not know a great deal, the book is unsatisfactory. As a study in psychology, however, it is very strong. Rarely has "The Man with the Muck-rake," as the author was minded at first to name his novel, been pictured with more vividness than in the degradation of Merlin Rosevear. There is plenty of what Rossetti called "fundamental brainwork" in the book, and the novel is evidently the outcome of sincere conviction and earnest aim.

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and that he is still continuing and will continue his profession at that address, and is prepared to receive pupils the e.

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The present Company will take over the Continental business of Rudge-Whitworth Limited. See Managing Director's report, that the orders for the current season, at present in hand and estimated, show a probable return of over 14 per cent. upon the Share Capital offered.

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J. H. ADAMS (Manager, Rudge-Whitworth, Limited), Managing Director.
ABERCHOMBIE CASTLE (Sussman Electric Miner's Lamp Company, Limited), 37, Walbrook, London, E.C.
HERBERT FURBER (Furber, Price, and Furber), Warwick Court, Gray's Inn, London.
J. H. G. DAVIS (Director, West Yorkshire Land Investment and Guarantee Society, Limited), Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire.
HENRI RUDEAUX (L'Agence Générale Française des Cycles Whitworth), 24, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris.

BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, London and Birmingham.

THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER, LIMITED (Royal Exchange Branch), Manchester, their Branches or Agents.

SOLICITORS.

For the Company—WALKER and ROWE, 8, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.
For the Vendors to the Company—GRUNDY, KERSHAW, SAXON, and SAMSON, Booth Street, Manchester.

BROKERS.

LONDON—G. LACY HILLIER, 75, Old Broad Street, E.C.
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AUDITORS.

COOPER BROTHERS and CO., 14, George Street, Mansion House, London, E.C.
DUFF and WHITHAM, Chartered Accountants, Halifax and Bradford.

SECRETARY (pro tem).—D. C. DAVIES.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—112, Hatton Garden, London, W.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire an exclusive Licence which Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, have agreed to grant, subject to the rights of existing agents, to use the name Rudge-Whitworth in connection with Cycles on the Continent of Europe and the United States of America and their Colonies.

The countries that will be embraced in the operations of the Company include France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, Denmark, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and the Continent of Europe generally.

The connection already established by the several agencies existing in various Continental Countries, including that of L'Agence Générale Française des Cycles Whitworth and the benefit of the orders at present in hand are secured to the Company by agreement.

A principal object of the present Company will be THE FORMATION OF SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES TO OPERATE in the countries for which the above-mentioned rights have been secured, and for the sale to such Companies of these rights and accompanying goodwill. These formations are expected to result in very large profits to this Company, the benefit of which will accrue to the Shareholders.

The Company have made arrangements with Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, which place them in a position to guarantee PROMPT DELIVERY of finished Machines and the various component parts to Agents, Makers, &c. The importance of this cannot be exaggerated in view of the general experience of makers during the past season, when but a very small proportion of the orders received could be executed in anything like reasonable time.

Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, state that they have been able to supply only a small percentage of the Continental orders received, and these orders have been to a large extent unsolicited, travellers not being employed. As regards name, reputation, and goodwill, no house stands to-day in a better position than Rudge-Whitworth, Limited.

The advantage to be gained, in Continental countries, by manufacturing Cycles throughout, or by building them, locally, from component parts bearing the names of makers of repute, are obvious, but it may perhaps be advisable to point out some of the principal features.

Continental countries are very much behind England in the quality and quantity of their Cycle manufactures, and, while the demand is growing daily, the various Governments abroad are constantly placing fresh obstacles in the way of the importation of English Cycles, so that the time has arrived when local factories must be established in order to secure the trade of such countries.

In many Continental countries (noted for good engineering work), the cost of labour and production is very much lower than in England, and this is a very important item in Cycle manufacture.

Materials and parts, such as pedals, stampings, tubes, &c., are much cheaper than in England, and of excellent quality. The prices of tyres are also much below the English standard.

The Sundries and Repairs Department would be greatly extended if conducted locally. Machines made in England are often objected to by riders abroad on account of the length of time required to replace sundries or effect repairs.

The establishment of a number of factories abroad would enable the necessary materials to be obtained at much reduced prices, owing to the extent of the orders that could be placed.

The saving in freight from England, and duty, would be very considerable, and, together with the reduced cost of labour and materials, should result in a very large profit. The following list shows an approximation of the cost in carriage and duty upon each machine imported: From Coventry to France (Paris), £1 11s. 9d.; from Coventry to Russia (Moscow), £2 7s. 4d.; from Coventry to Italy (Rome), £2 3s. 6d.; from Coventry to Austro-Hungary (Budapest), £3 1s. 1d.; from Coventry to Spain (Madrid), £1 16s. 9d.; from Coventry to Germany (Berlin), 9s. 6d.; from Coventry to Holland (Amsterdam), carriage 7s. 6d., duty 5 per cent. ad valorem; from Coventry to Belgium (Brussels), carriage 6s. 6d., duty 12 per cent. ad valorem. In Sweden the tax amounts to 15 per cent. ad valorem.

In addition to the above, there are sundry small charges, probably amounting to 2s. or 3s. per consignment of one or more cycles.

By the terms of the Licence the moderate royalty of 10s. per Cycle is reserved to Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, on all Cycles manufactured by this Company thereunder, or 5s. per Cycle if made from component parts purchased from Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, and on complete Cycles (of which this Company undertakes to purchase a specified number) Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, are to allow the largest trade and cash discounts for the time being allowed by them to their most favoured wholesale customers.

The Rudge-Whitworth Machines have been awarded twenty-three Gold Medals, and are in the foremost rank, as is proved by the magnificent records secured. Space only admits of a meagre index (given with Prospectus) of the brilliant successes secured during the past season.

Amongst the Royal and Noble Patrons of Rudge-Whitworth Machines may be mentioned—H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, H.R.H. the Duke of York, H.R.H. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Austria, his Majesty the King of Spain, her Majesty the Queen of Greece, H.R.H. the Grand Duke Peter of Russia, the Duc d'Orléans, Lord Rosebery, and a number of nobilities in this country and on the Continent.

For the present season orders for 6000 Cycles have already been booked by Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, for France alone, and, with the favourable arrangements made for representation by agents and travellers, the total Continental orders can hardly fail to reach a figure that will show a very handsome return—vide the following Report—

"Having recently visited some of the most important Continental centres on the business of the proposed Rudge-Whitworth (Foreign), Limited, I have formed a very clear estimate of the probable result of the coming season's trading."

"From France orders for 6000 machines have already been received, which, at the commencement of the season, argues a much greater demand later on. Italy, Belgium, and Holland, I estimate, together will take, say, 3700 machines, and Italy, in addition, 2000 sets of component parts, the latter being a very important branch of our trade and one that offers an enormous field for extension."

"A moderate estimate of the immediate requirements of other Continental countries may be set down at, say, 3000 machines."

"In view of the foregoing, and basing my calculation upon the Continental selling prices and the price arranged with the parent Company, I estimate the present season's gross profit at about £26,000. Allowing an ample margin for working and administration expenses, the net profit would pay a dividend of over 14 per cent. upon the £125,000 capital which it is proposed now to issue."

(Signed) J. H. ADAMS.

The actual net sales of Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, from Aug. 31, 1896, to Dec. 18, 1896, were 124 per cent. in excess of those for the previous corresponding period, a fact which shows the enormous strides the business is making, and the appreciation in which the Company's manufacture is held.

In the prospectus (recently issued) of The Clément Gladiator and Humber (France), Limited, it was stated that the turnover of the three companies—La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément for the nineteen months ending Sept. 30, 1895; La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator for the eighteen months ending Sept. 30, 1895; and the French business of Humber and Co., Limited, for the two years ending Aug. 31, 1895—amounted to the sum of £602,807, whilst the profits for the same period of the two first-mentioned companies alone amounted to £87,001 3s. 6d.

The price (including the Promoters' profits) to be paid by the Company for the various rights to be acquired under the Licence has been fixed by the promoters at £100,000, payable as to £35,000 in shares, and as to £65,000 either in cash or cash and shares, at the option of the Promoters.

The Directors of the Company have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. J. H. Adams, as Managing Director, for a period of three years. Mr. Adams' long and close connection with the parent Company and intimate knowledge of the trade generally cannot fail to prove a valuable factor in the interests of this Company.

All expenses of promotion up to and including the first allotment of Shares will be paid out of the purchase consideration and not by the Company.

The following Contracts have been entered into—

- Contract dated 12th January, 1897, between Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, of the one part and William Bowden of the other part, with form of Licence annexed; and two additional Contracts between the same parties dated the 6th and 15th days of February, 1897, varying the terms of the first Contract and of the Licence to be granted thereunder.
- Contract dated 16th February, 1897, between the said William Bowden of the one part and Arthur Edward Cowley for and on behalf of this Company of the other part, for the re-sale at a profit of the benefit of the first-named Contract; and Contract adopting the same, dated the 25th day of February, 1897, and made between the said William Bowden of the first part, the said Arthur Edward Cowley of the second part, and the Company of the third part.
- Contract dated the 25th day of February, 1897, between J. H. Adams of the one part and the Company of the other part for the engagement of Mr. Adams as Managing Director.
- Contract dated the 25th day of February, 1897, between the Company of the one part and Henri Rudeaux of the other part for the engagement of Mons. Rudeaux as manager of the Company's French business.

There are other Contracts and arrangements, to which the Company is not a party, with regard to guaranteeing part of the Share Capital now offered, the division of Promoters' profits, and the payment of preliminary expenses, the responsibility of which is not undertaken by the Company.

Applicants for Shares shall be deemed to have full notice of the existence of such Contracts and arrangements, and applications will be received only upon the footing that the applicants are to be deemed to have agreed with the Company as trustee for the Directors and others to waive their right, if any, to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, or to any further compliance with the said section than is contained in this Prospectus.

A Stock Exchange quotation will be applied for in due course.

Application for shares should be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, together with the amount of the deposit payable upon application.

If no allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full, and, where the number of Shares allotted is less than that applied for, the balance of such deposit will be applied towards payments due on or after allotment, and any excess will be returned to the applicant. Failure to pay any instalment will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prints of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and copies of the above specifically mentioned Contracts and of the draft Licence referred to therein, may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company, and applicants for Shares shall be deemed to have full notice of the contents thereof.

Prospectuses, with Forms of Application for Shares, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from their Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.
London, Feb. 25, 1897.

SMALL TALK.

The Marchioness of Waterford has not long survived her husband, on whom she waited with the greatest care from the time when he was hurt in the hunting-field, in the season 1884-5, until his death in October 1895. The only daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, she was born in 1856, and married Lord Waterford, who was a widower, when she was eighteen. She was tall and slight, and she had large, dark eyes, a wealth of black hair, pale, almost pallid, features, very refined and delicately chiselled mouth and nose, and high forehead. For long she had suffered from a cruel malady, to which she succumbed (after bearing it with the greatest fortitude) at Curraghmore Court, near Waterford, on Tuesday last week. She had three children; the eldest, a boy, succeeded his father, and the others are daughters.

It is nearly thirty years since a mission, with Sir Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala) at its head, started for the stronghold of Theodore of Abyssinia, and reduced that over-confident and ill-fated monarch to release his English prisoners and to take his own life rather than fall alive into the hands of his conquerors. Now another but a more peaceful mission is starting for the same distant land, to an Abyssinian monarch whose arms have humbled one great European Power. Mr. Rennell Rodd, who will be the head of the party, and will bear, it is stated, an autograph letter from Queen Victoria to the Emperor Menelik, is one of the most distinguished of the young men of the Diplomatic service. Mr. Rodd has seen service in various parts of Europe, and made himself particularly acceptable to our own Princess Royal when in Berlin. The new Envoy to Abyssinia is scholarly as well as diplomatic, and has even been guilty of publishing poetry, which it is to be hoped may have a soothing effect on the Court of Menelik and assist the mission in attaining their end, whatever that may be. Mr. Rodd will, I see, be accompanied by a group of distinguished men, among whom is his brother-in-law, Captain the Hon. Cecil Bingham. Both gentlemen married daughters of the late Mr. James Guthrie, of Craigie, Forfar, the fortunate father of some half-dozen handsome and well-dowered daughters.

Some loyal citizens are desperately anxious to tack on a meaningless title to the Queen's illustrious name. It is seriously proposed that, in commemoration of her long reign, her Majesty shall henceforward be styled "Victoria the Great" or "Victoria the Good." This is painting the lily and gilding refined gold. Only to a very defective perception is it clear that the Queen needs some verbal exaggeration of her dignity. "Victoria" is quite expressive enough both for us and for future generations. The enthusiastic persons who imagine that "Victoria the Good" is a striking proclamation of the Queen's virtues to all the world have overlooked the not unimportant circumstance that such a title might be rather ambiguous in foreign languages. A Paris journalist points out that "Victoria la Bonne" would convey to French readers an idea quite remote from the English signification.

Members of Parliament, and particularly those connected with the Services, have recently been full of the praises of Mr. St. John Brodrick. No other subordinate member of the Government has made so great an advance in reputation during the present Parliament. It was Mr. Brodrick

who discovered how dangerous cordite might be to the late Administration. For this discovery he received appropriate reward in being appointed to represent the War Office. There is no humbug about Mr. Brodrick, and remarkably little red-tape. His contributions to debate are always pointed and pithy. One of the most effective speeches of the Session was his recent defence of the new project concerning the Guards. It extorted the reluctant admiration even of the Guardsmen who shuddered at the prospect of being exiled to Gibraltar, and it received the warm approval of the Secretary for War, who sat in the Peers' Gallery, where, like a child at table, he could listen but must not speak. Mr. Brodrick entered Parliament in 1880, the year in which he was married to Lord Elcho's sister. For a long time he was regarded chiefly as an ornament of "the Irish garrison," but now he is looked upon as a likely Cabinet Minister. His claims in that respect, indeed, are supposed to be second only to those of Mr. Curzon. Mr. Brodrick has the misfortune to be the eldest son of a peer. His father is Viscount Middleton, "a firm supporter," as he describes himself, "of our Constitution and of our Protestant Church."

Some day the peer's eldest son will have to follow Lord Selborne, with equal reluctance, to the Upper House. To that day he must look forward, from the political point of view, with dread. The House of Commons is the House for Mr. Brodrick. He is popular there. His open countenance, his active, easy, obliging manners, commend him to what Sir George Trevelyan has described as the most exacting and at the same time the most generous assembly in the world. It is pleasant to see Mr. Brodrick passing through the Lobbies. He takes the long, buoyant strides of a pedestrian who loves the road. There is something impetuous in his manner. You can detect this trait when he rapidly scribbles a note or crosses the floor of the House to talk to an opponent. Tall, alert, and vigorous, without any trace of solemn officialism, a strong party man, and yet impartial in his courtesy, a member of the aristocracy without aristocratic airs, Mr. Brodrick has become one of the most esteemed of the junior members of the Government.

The "Empress" is the name of a new ladies' club in Down Street, founded in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The Duchess of Somerset is one of the vice-presidents. Great efforts are being made to give backbone to the Choristers' Club, in St. Martin's Lane, of which Mr. George Alexander is the prime spirit. It is a great boon to ladies of the chorus

during the trying time of rehearsals, and is thus an institution infinitely more sensible and necessary than the ordinary woman's club.

A French sporting paper with the taking title of *Champ de Courses* is starting a novel sort of competition, in which, were it copied on this side of the Channel, the well-beloved Captain Coe might take part. It offers an "article of bigotry and virtue," of the value of twenty pounds, to the Paris paper that gives the most numerous successful racing "tips" during this year. The state of the poll day by day will be duly set forth in a special column, and, to vary the metaphor, forty-five organs of opinion have bravely left the starting-post.

The amateur actor has now reached such proportions that he must needs have a directory all to himself. This has been compiled and published for him by Mr. Albert Douglass, of Percy House, Colveston Crescent, N.E.



THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

Photo by Poole, Waterford.

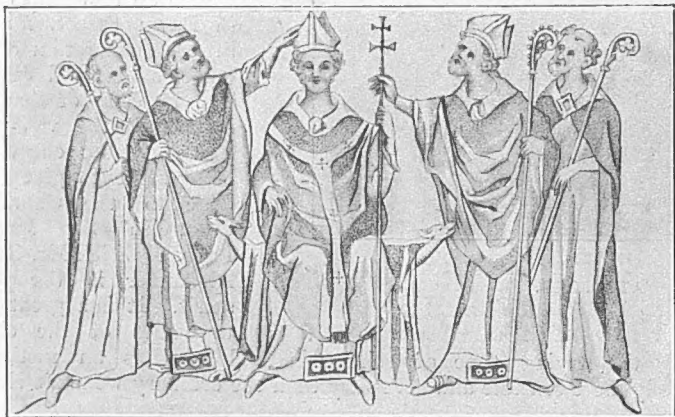
Richard is himself again, and Madame Sans-Gêne has retired to the background for the nonce. Herewith I reproduce the earliest known portraits of the bold, bad king. The first occurs in a curious old picture, which shows Edward IV. on the throne (not shown here), and to the left his brother Richard, with the insignia of the Garter. The second shows the crowning of Richard.



RICHARD III.

the suburban theatre would act as a school for the development of a theatrical taste, that it would reach a class that still regards the theatre with doubt and mistrust, and that, while those who have been in the habit of going to London would continue to do so, very many new recruits would be attracted. I have never seen the matter in this light, and the following remarks made to me by two leading London managers only a day or so ago will prove the real position of affairs. Without mentioning names, I may say they represent houses whereat musical comedy is enjoying a successful run and all the smart people do nightly congregate.

I met the first in the Park, and, after a few of the inevitable weather commonplaces, I asked him about business. "Splendid, splendid, dear boy!" was the reply. "Of course, you would say that," I remarked; "but how is it really?" "Well," he said, in a slightly lower tone, "it is very curious; stalls, boxes, dress-circle seats are booked for weeks ahead, but the pit and upper circle aren't overcrowded." Another manager, later in the same day, made a similar remark, and confessed that his house was feeling the loss of suburban patronage. Here is the matter in a nutshell. The suburban theatre brings a good entertainment to a man's door; he can take his wife and children at little or no more cost than he would incur by going to London alone. At eleven o'clock he is close to his home, and can go back to supper without any journey



THE CROWNING OF RICHARD.

or train crowd. In fine weather these are sufficient inducements for most men who wish to go out after a hard day's work; when a night is wet, they suffice for all. And yet presumably 'cute managers allow a London success to go into the suburbs without any delay, and wonder why their upper circle and pit show so much daylight or gaslight. I hear, on excellent authority, that the suburban theatres have affected the traffic returns on suburban railway lines, to a small extent, certainly, but noticeable as a sign of the times. Nowadays, there are hundreds of excellent actors and actresses who must be content to go on tour because

the London stage is so congested, and, quite innocently, they avenge themselves on the London managers who have been unable to give them a chance. Unless I am much mistaken, the lines on which London successes are permitted to tour the suburbs will shortly be modified.

An interesting development of the "great hat" question has just taken place in Glasgow, at an excellent performance of "La Mascotte," given by the School of Operatic Artists. A leaflet was given away with each programme to this effect—

To Ladies: Ladies wearing hats or bonnets likely to intercept the view of the stage are respectfully requested to take these off during the performance. Compliance with this request will add greatly to the comfort and enjoyment of the audience.

The experiment (writes a Glasgow correspondent) was entirely justified by the results. With very few exceptions, all the ladies who wore hats took them off, and so enabled the persons behind them to command an uninterrupted view of the actors. On the opening night there were two or three incidents of an amusing character. One young gentleman, who could hardly see the stage because of the "cart-wheels" in front of him, politely drew the attention of the wearers of these ornaments to the leaflet. Apparently, they had not known about the note, because they promptly whipped off their hats, blushing all the while a rosy red. In another case an observant attendant noticed that a lady and gentleman were almost hidden behind two enormous chapeaux. She quietly handed the slip of paper to the offending damsels, who, without a moment's hesitation, immediately removed the objectionable articles. The example is worth following in our regular theatres, in connection with which the hat question has been a burning one for years.

The literary instinct seems very strong in Young America. No less than five papers are produced, written, edited, and even printed, by the children of that go-ahead city Chicago. Of course, many great British public schools produce magazines, and several well-known writers can look back with pride to the days when they edited a school chronicle, but that the actual printing of the sheets in question should be done by the boys (and girls) is certainly an innovation. Curiously enough, the teachers, far from considering the school paper a hindrance to the pursuit of knowledge, regard it as a decided aid to regular work, and as often as not the energetic "School Marm" has a hand in the actual preparation of the journal. The most elaborate of the Chicago school papers is the *Chimera*, which may be said to represent the work of several schools. Each number contains sixteen pages, the first six of which are devoted to essays and stories. Then comes the athletic department, where all news of past and coming events concerning games and physical exercises is jotted down. Notes from the various schools are also a great feature. There is a Poets' Corner, and the inevitable Answers to Correspondents column. All this kind of thing must prove of the greatest value to the future journalist, and the fact of having been actively connected with such a paper as the *Chimera* should prove a good introduction to the would-be pressman.



A SCHOOL-GIRL'S MAGAZINE.

One of the funniest arguments against vaccination ever adduced was that made recently at West Ham by a lady who refused to "bring any more children into the world" if their health were thus to be interfered with. Cast into fallacious syllogistic form, this extraordinary argument would run somewhat as follows: "I have children; vaccination harms children: therefore, I will have no more children."

A couple of years ago I called attention to an erudite article on the "Psychology of Kissing," written by M. Psichari. This, I presume, is the same M. Psichari as was lecturing the other day in Paris on the Cretan Question.

Signor Rossi, whose acting in "A Pierrot's Life" has made so great an impression, put a startling question when he first arrived in London, "Where is the nearest madhouse?" This did not mean, however, that the distinguished artist had any fears about his own sanity. The perfection of his pantomime is due to his studies of Italian lunatics, and he thought that English lunatics might give him some new ideas. Signor Rossi's belief is that the gestures of the insane are far more expressive than those of people in their right minds. He is also an authority on poultry, of which he has a great and varied stock on his farm in Italy. On the opposite page I give some pictures of Signor Rossi's tiny colleague, La Petite Gaudry, the Little Pierrot of the play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

PETIT PIERROT IN "A PIERROT'S LIFE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Little Pierrot (La Petite Gaudry) is the child of Pierrot and Louissette.



One afternoon he went out to play with his ball.



He saw a poor, ragged minstrel, whom he little knew to be his own faithless father.



And it was little Pierrot who reunited his parents, and returned to his ball with glee.

Big-game hunting in the Rockies, I am told, owing to various restrictions and close times, is not now the "big" affair that it once was, and it would appear that British sportsmen have ceased going Westward in anything like the numbers which might be found camped in those regions, say, in the closing years of the 'eighties. The trophies of those years appear also to have been more noteworthy in respect of size than the comparatively more modern representatives brought home by recent hunters in the Far West. Indeed, the question of the total extinction of wild game in the border counties of Colorado, for instance, is said to be a matter of only a few years, if the present rate of decrease is not immediately checked. From information just received by the writer from a friend in the Far West, it appears that the past season witnessed a reckless and criminal slaughter of game unusual even for Colorado's much-invaded preserves, and that loud and ominous complaints have poured in upon the Game Warden and his staff. It is said that the Indians come within ten miles of Meeker, Colorado, on their hunting expeditions, and that between the red men and the tourists, many of whom kill through mere lust of slaughter, and with none of the instincts and chivalry of the true sportsman about them, the deer in that hitherto well-stocked game paradise are gradually disappearing. The border counties of the North and West are the chief sufferers from marauding pot-hunters, who cross the State line into the game haunts, and every year go about the capture of wild game in the most wholesale and unsportsmanlike manner, and all this in open defiance of the protective laws of the State. Scores of deer, for instance, are annually slaughtered and left to decay in ravines or on mountain-sides; thousands of trout are killed each season by means of dynamite, and many more are driven from their haunts because of mill-falls entering the streams. All which is as inexcusable as it is shameful—a comment which true sportsmen on this side of the "Great (Atlantic) Divide" will only too readily endorse.

The "A" squadron of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry (Duke of Cambridge's Hussars) gave their third and last dance of the winter series at St. James's Hall on Wednesday. There were about four hundred present, including the squadron commander, Captain William Duncan, who brought a large party, and Lieutenants Edwards, Langman, and Blackwell. The squadron has yet to hold another smoking concert, and will wind up the winter festivities on April 9 with a mess-dinner. The *esprit de corps* and general good-fellowship developed by gatherings such as these tend to foster a spirit of keenness in the men, which has resulted in this squadron having for the last three years carried off the challenge prize for the best-drilled squadron in the regiment. At the present moment it has only four vacancies for recruits (indeed, the whole regi-



A MIDDLESEX YEOMAN.

ment is nearly up to its full strength), so that any gentleman wishing to join what is admittedly one of the smartest Yeomanry regiments should apply without delay to the headquarters at 1, Cathcart Road, Fulham Road, S.W.

The pretty little story of the retired general who looked out from a window during a violent thunderstorm, and saw his five old chargers, snorting for the fray, drawn up in line of battle in an adjoining field, may be perfectly true. As the saying is in the Army, what the old horses do not know is not worth knowing. These "old soldiers" know every bugle-call, and they know when a recruit or a mounted infantryman has to do with them. At any time they may be seen taking a deep interest in the work of their riders in the preparations for next day's parade, and, in the event of that parade being heavy-marching order, some of them give vent to their disappointment on the spot. Others, however, "lie low," and, from some unaccountable reason, are dead lame in the morning. Of course, no parade for them that day. Many of the horses are terrible bounders, too, and they simply delight—at least, they seem to—in flashing their eyes, gnashing their teeth, and flaunting other signs of insubordination in the face of a timid recruit.

When in the riding-school the "old soldier" is in his glory. He has it all his own way, but he is careful to preserve a respectful demeanour while circling in front of the riding-master. However, he makes up for it otherwise. He either stops dead short, shooting the unfortunate rider straight over his head, or he gives a judicious twist to his spine, just enough to send his man blundering over his side. "Who gave you orders to dismount, sir?" thunders the riding-master, and certainly it could not be the blame of the placid nag standing by the side of the dismounted man. Every year some thirty men are taken from various infantry regiments to go through a course of riding and mounted-infantry tactics at Aldershot and the Curragh. Then is the army-horse in his glory if by chance he falls to the lot of the mounted infantryman, as was the case with the horses of the 19th Hussars at Aldershot in '91.

From the *Nugget*, of Salisbury, Mashonaland, I take the cartoon of Mr. Rhodes reproduced in reduced form here. This paper is a little folio of eight pages (and a pink cover), written by the hand, and yet it costs sixpence.

Public interest in the situation at Benin has been strengthened by the issue of Acting-Commissioner Gallway's report on the massacre, which was issued on Thursday evening. On the opposite page I produce a telling photograph of a scene characteristic of many that have recently occurred in Africa. It is the sort of picture that a Little Englander lecturer would possibly convert into a lantern slide to illustrate his doctrines.

A military correspondent points out to me that I did my native land an injustice in stating that it had remained to an American soldier, Lieutenant Wise, to prove the practical value of the kite, for Captain Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, has long used kites for ascensions, while Lieutenant Wise is but a beginner at the game. In his higher ascents Captain Baden-Powell takes a parachute with him, but that is only a precaution against accident. The kites (of which he uses from three to eight) give the lifting power. So far from the apparatus being useless in a calm, Captain Baden-Powell has been lifted in such circumstance by the apparatus being towed along, either by men or by being attached to a waggon with horses.

William Edwards has fought in ninety of Britain's battles; but to-day he is turning a mangle to support his invalid wife at Butlock's Heath, near Southampton. He was born at Putney on April 12, 1812, and is, therefore, nearly eighty-five years of age. Enlisting on Jan. 22, 1842, he served for nearly twenty-five years in the 9th Lancers as a private, and on discharge was granted a pension of elevenpence a-day.



MR. WILLIAM EDWARDS.

Photo by Homan, Netley Abbey.

For about seventeen years he served with his regiment in India, and for that long period was almost continually fighting, having taken part in no less than ninety actions. His war service includes the Gwalior Campaign 1843-4, for which he was awarded the Gwalior Star; the Sutlej Campaign 1845-6 (medal for battle of Sobraon); the Punjab Campaign 1848-9 (medal and bars for Chillianwallah and Goojerat); the whole of the Indian Mutiny 1857-9 (medal and bars for Delhi, Relief of Lucknow, and Capture of Lucknow). Mr. Edwards also has the medal for long service and good conduct. Subsequently this old warrior filled the office of chapel orderly at Netley Hospital for nineteen years, for which service his pension was increased by sixpence a-day. His total income is only nine shillings and elevenpence per week, and on this he has to support himself and an invalid wife. A friend of the veteran is trying to get sufficient funds to enable the grand old warrior to end his days in comfort. Any donations sent to Mr. W. Edwards, "The Old Veteran," Butlock's Heath, Hound, near Southampton, would be duly acknowledged.



MR. RHODES TO HIMSELF: "IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD."

Reproduced from the "Nugget."

A truly remarkable story comes to me from Burma. It appears that at a place called Katha, some four days' journey up the river beyond Mandalay, an old tusker elephant turned upon a female and gored her to death. His punishment was severe; first he suffered a week's solitary confinement on half-rations; then his tusks were sawn off; then, according to the Katha correspondent, "the female elephant was told off to give him forty lashes with a chain." This was a difficult undertaking to entrust to an animal which had been dead for a week, but the cow elephant, or her ghost, acquitted herself of the task with such goodwill that her slayer "roared and shrieked in a terrible way under the punishment." Flogging with a chain is the usual method of administering corporal punishment to a criminal elephant, but the Katha people meted out the very poetry of justice when they appointed the victim to give the lashes, and I cannot help thinking there must be some little mistake.

The gentleman from whom the *Daily Mail* received its startling information as to those thousand forged ten-pound notes, which are such perfect imitations that even the Bank officials are deceived, must be blessed with a magnificent imagination. The fact is that some five-and-thirty twenty-pound notes have found their way to the Bank, and have immediately

Professor T. H. Green, was first put in practice at Toynbee Hall, and has been imitated in many other parts of London. Settlements have generally been founded in connection with some particular university, college, or school, and hitherto the women's colleges of Oxford and Cambridge have united in support of the Women's University Settlement, which was started some years ago in Southwark. Now, however, it is hoped that a separate settlement in connection with Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, may be established in Lambeth, and a meeting to further the scheme was lately held under the presidency of the Bishop of Rochester, in whose diocese the work will be carried on. The preliminary arrangements have already been made, and a house with accommodation for six resident workers has been taken in the Kennington Road. The principal aim of these ladies will be to assist in the ordinary parochial work of the district, by undertaking Sunday School teaching, district visiting, and the management of clubs and evening classes, and they will also work in conjunction with the local committees of different philanthropic societies. The need for more workers in poor neighbourhoods is often even more urgent than the need for more money, and the advantage of having a band of helpers always on the spot to whom appeal can be made at any emergency is very great; while



*"Then strike your camp an' go,
The bugle's callin';
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK H. HANCOX, KIMBERLEY.

been pronounced forgeries. That they are dangerous to the outside public may be conceded, for, as forgeries go, they are excellent. As to the paper which "cannot even by experts be differentiated from the genuine Bank of England paper," well, it is water-marked after the Bank pattern, but this water-marking is arrived at by quite a different process, and looks much too distinct and pronounced. The ink, too, with which the forgeries are printed has a somewhat too heavy appearance, and the medallion of Britannia is decidedly a failure as a specimen of reproduction. As to those "secret cipher marks," by which the false ones of the *Daily Mail* were eventually detected, and the consternation which has seized on the Threadneedle Street authorities, they must, I fear, be included in that vivid imagination which gave birth to the article. It may be as well to say that the authorities are not aware of any ten-pound forgeries being in circulation, and there is, I believe, no noble army of detectives at present employed in hunting for them through "Continental centres."

No movement to improve the condition of the masses of the poor gathered together in our large cities has developed more rapidly or excited such widespread interest as that for the establishment of University Settlements. The idea, which was originally suggested by

the residents themselves have far better opportunities for obtaining the close acquaintance with the surroundings and needs of the poor which is so necessary before any real assistance can be given.

There is a variety of opinions on the merits of that "drama in muzzlin'" (no disrespect intended to Mr. George Moore) which the dogs of the Metropolis have been performing during the last twelve months. The figures recently published prove pretty conclusively the enormous number of waifs and strays which, when no muzzling order is in force, are allowed to wander at their own sweet will and carry disease with them. As to the collar with which it is proposed to invest the friend of man, engraved with the name of the person whose particular friend the animal may be, that is only a delusion and snare, and, if my readers doubt it, let them take their dogs for an airing, and note how many constables will inquire about name and address. The "under control" is a still greater farce than the collar business, and already I notice a sprinkling of those stray and ill-conditioned curs that infested our streets a year ago. No one is fonder of dogs than I, and no dog hates its muzzle more than mine; but, all the same, I must say that I should like to see the recommendation of the Committee of the Board of Agriculture carried into effect.

A new Peerage! Just think of it, in face of "Burke" and "Debrett" and the whole series of old-established guides to the aristocracy without which no gentleman's library is complete. And yet here is another, called "A Directory of Titled Persons," issued, as a companion to "Whitaker's Almanack," for half-a-crown. The first sixty-two pages are devoted to broad general facts about titled persons in general and the royal family in particular. The latter is worked out on the most elaborate scale I have seen. There are given the descendants of the Queen and their marriage connections, the cousins of the Queen, her nephews and nieces, and, most valuable of all, an index to the royal family, all of which would warm the heart of Mrs. Sarah Tooley, who has been sparring with Mr. Lang over chatter about royalty. Whitaker deals with facts. The bulk of the magazine stuff about royalty is the work of journalists who pick it up from second- to third-hand, and know not a single member of the royal family. Altogether, the new Peerage is excellent, and really supplies a want.

The marriage of actresses always fills me with a tender melancholy. If the world were better-constructed, these ladies would remain ever young and charming, and unencumbered with husbands. As soon as an actress adds a husband to her household gods, she breaks those beautiful ties which have hitherto attached her to a platonic public. I dare say some reflections like this are passing through the minds of many Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates who overwhelm Miss Maude Millett with tokens of their enthusiastic regard. She is married now, and sadness reigns among the classic groves of Isis and of Cam. The London playgoer heaves a sigh when he thinks that Miss Millett may be lost to the stage, though there are encouraging precedents for the belief that marriage does not always divorce the actress from the stage. Miss Millett's dramatic career was an unbroken success. Perhaps her Minnie Gilfillian in "Sweet Lavender" was her most characteristic impersonation. I still remember with gusto her demure remark about the hansom cabman's supposed habit of looking through the trap. "Oh no, mamma; not when I'm alone!" Some dramatic critic, I think it was Mr. Clement Scott, said that Miss Millett was the typical English girl on the stage, with all the good looks and the maidenly archness which we like in the English girl. Certainly, there are none



MISS MAUDE MILLETT (MRS. TENNANT).

Photo by Majall, Piccadilly.

too many actresses in this particular branch of the business, and, now Miss Millett has gone into wedlock, I have an idea that captains in the Royal Artillery have more than their fair share of privileges.

The change that has come over the personnel of the actor is well shown at the Haymarket just now, where the accomplishments of the players in "Under the Red Robe" are very varied. First of all, of course, comes Mr. Bernard Gould, who is dealt with at length elsewhere in this

issue. *The Sketch* readers know him well as a very clever artist, one of the best contributions of his to these pages having been his sketch of Mr. George Bernard Shaw rehearsing "Arms and the Man" at the Avenue Theatre, where the artist himself made such a hit. Then



MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

A Study by Mr. Hamilton Revelle.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, of the same company, recently wrote a little story, "Which is Absurd," and his colleague, Mr. Hamilton Revelle, is a distinguished amateur photographer who has turned his camera to some purpose on his manageress, Miss Winifred Emery.

According to Dr. Riverra, of Munich, music has charms not only to soothe the savage breast, but to allay the pangs of indigestion, cure neuralgias, nostalgias, cephalalgias, and all the other algias, drive away the morbid mopings of melancholia, and crack the back of the most racking sciatica. He instances David the Psalmist as the first music-doctor, his famous cure being the soothing of Saul's perturbed spirit. The next case on record is that of Prince Bellargavia, who was cured of rheumatism by the singing of Bellari. These and other instances have led Dr. Riverra to investigate the matter, and, as a result, he proposes to found a Music Hospital, where all classes of patients can be treated. Nerve cases will be bathed in Wagner, for, says this enthusiast, there is no music like Wagner's for nerve diseases. I am inclined to doubt the truth of this statement, as I know from sad experience that an evening at "The Walkyrie," or an afternoon of Wagner selections, leaves me irritable and my nerves all raw and frayed. It is well known, however, that music is a valuable adjunct in the treatment of the insane, a band of some sort being a *sine qua non* in every good modern lunatic asylum. But, giving an opinion in no way meant to be *ex cathedra*, I should say music has made more sane men mad than it has made mad men sane. You will agree with me if your next-door neighbour's youngest daughter is still in the chromatic scale stage.

Miss Sitgreaves, the Doña Clara of "Mariana," made her London debut in the difficult rôle of Mrs. Stanford in "Gossip." She is an American without Americanisms, and she attained the desire of her life when she set sail Eastwards some eighteen months ago. The French language and the French drama are her ideals, and her greatest successes have been scored in French character-parts. So ardent an admiration prompted the question whether she had not a strain of the Norman in her; but, on the contrary, she owns chiefly to Scotch descent, though some of her ancestors were English. She is a native of Charlestown, but was entirely educated at a convent in Virginia, and after leaving school she at first became a governess, but, finding that occupation very uncongenial, she took up journalism, and had more than a fair success with her pen. Then she decided "to become an actress," for she had made some marked successes *en amateur*. Wishing to work up from the very bottom of the ladder, and having a good voice, she joined a comic-opera company; but her first engagement of any importance was with the late Rosina Vokes. Then she joined Miss Minnie Palmer, and later played in "Captain Swift," both heavy and light comedy parts. Then she was secured by Mr. Mansfield for juvenile leads.

Last week I called upon Mr. Haigh, whose brother has invented the latest fishing game. I thought to hear a few particulars, and go away not much wiser than I came; but, on reaching the temporary residence of the inventor's brother, I found a small collection of gentlemen intently gazing into a square tank filled with what looked like milk and water. Amid a deep silence, only broken by the ticking of invisible machinery, a tiny fishing-rod was handed to me, and I fished. There was no bait on the hook, but the fish did not seem to mind, for presently the float began to move. I checked it. There was a bite, and, lo! I had caught a conger-eel. Mr. Haigh told me it was a conger-eel, and he ought to know. Much emboldened by my success, I started again; one or two gentlemen did likewise, and, as we were told there were fifty or sixty fish in the square yard of water, it was obvious that there was sport for all men. One or two nibbles made the amateurs strike prematurely and catch nothing; a man who was too cautious was also left, but a careful fisherman on my right landed a carp—we were told it was a carp. Then Mr. Haigh explained to me the facts of the case. The new toy has received the baptism of patent protection; it will probably be promoted into the realms of Company, Limited. The poor can have their fishing-pond for a shilling; the rich can pay their ten pounds, and get value proportionately enhanced. The fun arises from the fact that many baits are nibbled but few are taken; the bad fisherman will catch but few fish. Next year the Winter Gardens at Blackpool and the Exhibition Grounds at Earl's Court will have a very large fishing-tank on these lines, with many and various additions to the attractions given in with the small specimen.

While the Terrible Turk now absorbs the interest of the world (and the frequenters of the Gaiety), Cowes in 1847 was calmly launching a yacht for the Sultan, called the *Vassitei Tidjaret*. She was 210 ft. long, and her burthen was 936 tons, her figurehead being a fiery dragon. She was christened by the Princess Cullimaki, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador, and many healths were drunk over her. To-day, some Englishmen, had they the wit, might greet her in pretty much the same way as Mr. Swinburne cursed the Russian *Livadia*—"a white shroud for the White Czar."



THE SULTAN'S YACHT AT COWES.
Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

A correspondent in Canada writes: "Madame Albani and her company of supporting artists are now on their way back to England. They left Vancouver for Winnipeg on Feb. 7, after giving two concerts in Vancouver and two in Victoria. The tour throughout has been a very great success, and the manager, Mr. Charles Harriss, who still accompanies the party, has yet further increased his reputation. Miss Beatrice Langley, the violinist of the party, has made a great 'hit.' But all the supporting artists—that is to say, Miss Beverley Robinson, the mezzo-soprano; Mr. Braxton Smith, the tenor; the basso, Mr. Lemprière Pringle; and the conductor, Signor Seppilli—have been enthusiastically received by the public and everywhere entertained. On the return journey, concerts will again be given in Winnipeg, in Toronto, and in Montreal, as well as in several towns which Madame Albani and the company have not yet visited."

Last Saturday week, having lunched copiously at a friend's expense, and desiring an opportunity of digesting an excellent meal in a place where no great mental effort would be required, I did hie me to the entertainment given by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. With one exception, on an occasion when I spent twenty minutes in the hall; I had not been to see the performance since I was at school. There was a very full house, and one gallery was filled with a collection of school-boys, all of whose lungs were absolutely sound. Without being a medical man, I am prepared to say they had not a single germ of tuberculosis among the lot, and they seemed to love minstrelsy of the Moore and Burgess order. Frankly, I confess that I found myself laughing and unashamed, and could have made as much noise as the most enthusiastic of the school-boys had it not been for the fact that I take myself quite seriously. The minstrels have not altered a bit, barring the matter of refinement. Things are not as they were in the days and nights of Mr. Pony Moore, and yet the show, though old-fashioned, is excellent. The men sing well; the choruses are effective. M. Gustave Chaudoir has trained the company admirably, conducts well, and has a pretty talent for composition. There are sketches in the latter half of the programme, and, though these are not miracles of wit, they have a beginning, a middle, and an end, therein differing advantageously from the average music-hall sketch. I learn that the provincial touring companies are doing very well, and that throughout the companies a matinée will shortly be given in favour of the Hospital Fund.

Admiral Canevaro, the head of the Italian squadron, who is in command of the combined European fleets in Cretan waters, had an interesting namesake in Demetrio Canevari, a Genoese of high birth, who practised most successfully as a physician at Rome for forty years,

circa 1600, among his patients being Popes, Cardinals, and other celebrities. Having amassed great wealth, he became a bibliomaniac, and a miser in all respects, save as to the collection of superb bindings of books. The story goes that he lived on broth, a little bread, and scraps of meat, which he drew up to his window by means of a cord, stinting himself in every way so that he might establish a grand library at Genoa. Some specimens of his collection have recently been seen in London.

The Hero of Niagara is no more. At the ripe age of seventy-three, Blondin, one of the greatest record-makers of the world, passed away on Feb. 22, at his country-house at Ealing. Blondin was the originator of the horizontal tight-rope, whereas previously acrobats had either performed on horizontal slack-ropes or on tight-ropes fastened obliquely from a fixed point, as, for example, from the steeple of a church to the ground. It was in 1859, however, that Blondin performed the feat that made him the talk of the whole civilised world, by crossing the river, on a tight-rope at a point fifteen hundred feet in width below the Niagara Falls, in the view of thousands of spectators. The next year he performed the more perilous feat of crossing the river below the Suspension Bridge, for, although the passage was narrower, death was more certain if he had fallen into the rapids at this point. Taut as the rope had been drawn, there was a "sag" of fully forty feet, which increased the difficulty of the transit. Doubtless, there were many thousands on that occasion, when Blondin had crossed in safety, who echoed the words of the Prince of Wales, who was present—"Thank God, it is all over!"



BLONDIN.

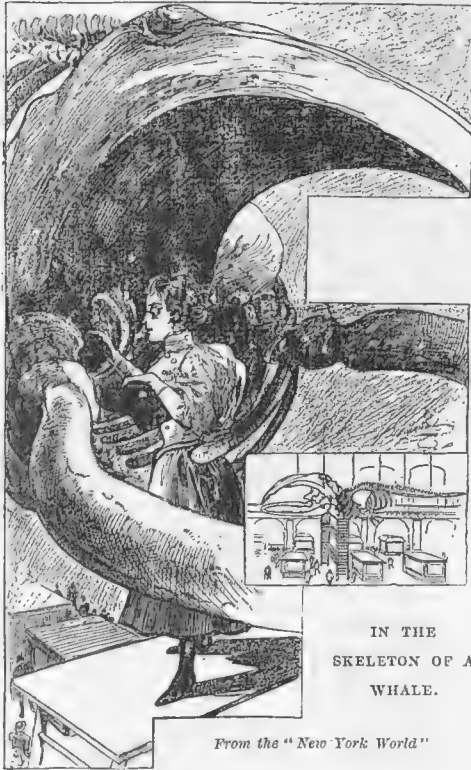
Still more hazardous was his taking a man across the Falls on his back. The distance to be traversed was so great as to necessitate Blondin setting the man down on the rope no less than six times while he himself rested. I should not have cared to have been that man, should you, especially as the man was in a state of suspense, in both senses of the word, for no less than three-quarters of an hour? Blondin afterwards crossed on stilts, blindfolded, cooked an omelette, and trundled a barrow from shore to shore. He afterwards repeated these performances quite five hundred times during a period of two years. He, later on, came to England, and at the Crystal Palace walked along a rope stretched from end to end of the great Central Transept, one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, and took his daughter across in a wheelbarrow, besides successfully undertaking many other perilous feats. He displayed his daring on many occasions in all the great Continental cities, in India, and in the Colonies. But no feat eclipsed in difficulty those performed in crossing the Niagara Falls and at Sydenham, unless his walking on his rope stretched from the mainmast to the mizzen on board the P. and O. steamship *Poonah*, when there was a fair sea on. Blondin always said that he should not care to do this again. He died in harness, so to speak, for he continued to accept engagements to



BLONDIN.

within a few months of his death. He was a quiet, unassuming man, and was not at all given to boasting; indeed, he rather pooh-poohed the idea that he was constantly endangering his life. He had only one fear, which was as regards the fixing of his rope, and that he was always careful to superintend. Blondin had deservedly received many valuable decorations and presents from crowned heads and others, and of these he was naturally very proud.

Miss Kate Swan, the energetic representative of the *New York World*, has gone far to prove the truth of the old saw that most swans are geese. She had doubts about the whale being really able to swallow Jonah. So she went to the superintendent of the New York Museum of Natural History, and told him that she *must* know if the feat was possible. Recognising the strength of Miss Swan's *must*, that gentleman said, "Come to-morrow and be—swallowed by the ninety-foot skeleton hanging from the roof of the main hall." Miss Swan was undaunted, and duly made an excursion into the interior of Darkest Whale. While she sat there, looking out through the lattice-work of ribs, one of the attendant scientists explained to her the mechanism of the whale's throat—the curious fringe of whalebone that acts as a sieve. This so tickled Miss Swan that in her article she "catches" the paragraph, "Did Jonah Pass the Strainer?" She decides against Jonah, and sums up her experiences as follows: "Life even in the skeleton of a whale



isn't soothing when at this height in the air, and it is solid comfort to get out of the inside of the whale. But here again I can't take Jonah's scheduled route. Jonah went out as he came in, according to the description, but I went by unromantic ladders."

The opening of the new Alhambra premises, described elsewhere in this issue, will take place on Monday, March 8.

The Midland Railway Company have sent me a neat little guide to their dining-car train service.

I am interested to observe that the long-missed name of Mr. H. B. Conway may again be seen on a play-bill before very long. The once popular *jeune premier* has been engaged for his old part of Captain Fanshaw in Henry Arthur Jones's early play, "Saints and Sinners," which is to be revived and taken out on tour this summer.

TO A LADY

Who says that "There's nothing to read in *The Sketch*."

Ah me! it is hard to assess
The tastes of an *omnium* clan,
For that which the Gentile may bless
The Hebrew may possibly ban.
But still, I imagined my wares
Sufficiently varied to fetch,
Till a lady prepares a surprise when she swears
That "There's nothing to read in *The Sketch*."

If she scoffs at my feminine page,
I talk of the books of the day;
If she's not in the bicycle rage,
Does she never go out to the play?
Does the "musical comedy" bore?
Is "The Gaiety Girl" such a wretch?
That she seeks to ignore what I write, and deplore
That "There's nothing to read in *The Sketch*?"

Does she find it no pleasure to laugh
At "Marmiton's" excellent fun?
Is the gentle Austinian chaff
A feature she only can shun?
Is the Coe who holds forth on the race
To swing at the hands of Jack Ketch?
For she says to my face, with an angry grimace,
That "There's nothing to read in *The Sketch*."

Is the sound of the City so stale—
That City of "bulling" and "bears"—
That she pounds with her critical flail
My colleague whose province is shares?
Her lips with a scornfulness pout
At the medley of maidens I etch;
Ah—you've been left out; that's the reason, no doubt,
Why "There's nothing to read in *The Sketch*!"

THE NEW EAST END SCHEME.

The recent advertisement in the *Times* newspaper of the application for special incorporation under the Companies Acts of the Jewish Self-Help League calls public attention to the new philanthropic movement already noticed briefly in this paper. Without any flourish of trumpets and but little platform oratory, noble work has been started in the East End of London, work that constitutes a vigorous intellectual and practical endeavour to grapple with the problem of alien immigration. Since the Russian persecutions of twelve years ago brought about the overcrowding of the East End, Jewish philanthropy has been greatly though unsuccessfully exercised to deal with the problem. At the moment between fifty and sixty thousand aliens are in Whitechapel and its purlieus; they are for the most part ignorant of the English language, have no complete knowledge of any trade, are out of touch with Jewish authority, and, moreover, are the prey of the landlord, the sweeter, the demagogue, and the man in the street. They live under conditions that only a very downtrodden race could survive, and have inherited from Russian Ghetto association a mass of religious observances, beautiful in themselves, but quite out of keeping with their present habitation and the latter-day nineteenth-century phases of life and thought. Unfortunately for the English community and the immigrants themselves, the Council of the United Synagogue has been unable to agree upon a course of action. The member for Whitechapel finds in the practical suggestions for amelioration approved by Lord Rothschild a menace to the heavily strained resources of the East End. "You will bring more aliens than ever," he says in effect, "and the struggle for life, hard as it is now, will become more acute." The strenuous and undeniably conscientious opposition of Sir Samuel Montague has hitherto consigned all East End schemes to oblivion, and it has been left to the present founders of the League to take the field.

The moving spirits in the movement recently inaugurated are Mr. Samuel Goldreich, head of the great Johannesburg house of Goldreich Brothers, and Mr. Emanuel Mendelssohn, Managing Director of the *Standard and Diggers' News*. These two gentlemen have long realised the necessity for prompt action; they have gauged the situation and started the great work, with the approval and hearty support of several other financial magnates from the Rand whose extraordinary success has not made them forget the claims of those co-religionists who have never had a fair chance in life.

So far as it is at present developed, the work of the Self-Help League will embrace much that is done by Toynbee Hall, together with such special developments as are required by the needs of a special race. Within the limits of a single short article it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the scheme. Suffice it to say that the preliminary work is complete: the alien will have his club, savings bank, cheap restaurant, lecture-room, reading-room, and synagogue; he will be taught the English language and the complete trade of which he is now master of but a single branch. He will no longer be the sweeter's prey, and, in order that the danger of overcrowding may be obviated, the man who is fit to earn a living will be drafted to the provinces or the Colonies, where he may start a fresh career.

It is so easy to write out a programme that shall read like a fairy-tale, so simple to add the words "and they lived happily ever afterwards," that it is hard to realise the magnitude and difficulties of the present undertaking. With such an enterprise conscientiously essayed even failure becomes glorious. There are difficulties into which it is here impossible to enter fully, dangers that one can foresee and which will be very hard to avert. The present condition of affairs brings grist to the mills of very many people; some few are powerful. Change will be bitterly and unscrupulously resented; for even the poorest outcast Jew serves a political and social purpose.

The first action taken by the Self-Help League was the establishment of a Court of Arbitration, where, at time of writing, more than five hundred cases that would have gone to the Whitechapel County Court have been amicably settled without one penny of cost to the litigants.

Since the Arbitration Bureau started, the gentlemen who wrote the humorous articles on Jewish cases for the halfpenny evening press have disappeared to fresh Courts and cases new; the wit and wisdom of Judge Bacon are not reported; the gentlemen who thrived upon Court fees are poorly off. No wonder they have no kind word for the new movement.

There is one grave danger the Self-Help League is called upon to face; it is amalgamation with the existing communal authorities. Right-minded men and women must acknowledge the splendid work done by Jewish philanthropy, but it is all charity, and the new League has for its main object the promotion of independence. "It is better to place a man above the needs of charity than to support him all the days of his life." There is the Alpha and Omega of the League's creed, and, if for no other reason, amalgamation with purely charitable bodies would be unwise. A new association is a plastic body; it can be moulded to suit practical needs, it has no series of conventions to break away from, it is not bound to precedent or tied to long-established custom. In short, it is alive and vigorous, capable of sustaining daring ideas. If the Directors of the Self-Help League will be content to follow their own counsels and pursue their own paths, to listen to criticism only so far as it is of value to earnest men, they will create in the wilderness of Whitechapel an oasis of comfort and intellectual life. They will bring back to the outcast what he needs more than aught else—courage, hope, and independence. They will do much to make the Diamond Jubilee year more than ever memorable to the thousands of grateful Jews whose privilege it is to be subjects of England's Queen.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE BOOK OF RUTH.

Illustrated by Gilbert James.



RUTH THE MOABITRESS.

Nº5. And it came to pass at midnight that the man was afraid, and turned himself: and, behold, a woman lay at his feet.

THE ELEPHANT IN SPORT AND AT WORK.

The Terai district of Lower Bengal is famed throughout India for the sport it affords. The illustrations are reproduced from photographs



A HOWDAH-ELEPHANT.

taken by Mr. Samuel Leigh Whympers, who was a member of a big shooting-party organised last April by the Deputy-Commissioner whose district embraces the jungles of the Terai. Hunting the tiger with a number of elephants is a form of sport reserved for the few, as only native princes and influential civil officers can command the services of the number of beasts required, and fortunate is he who is invited to make one of such a party. We will suppose that the native shikari has arrived at camp at dawn, bringing news of a tiger five miles away. The host gives orders for the elephants to be ready at seven o'clock, and that hour sees the "pad"-elephants drawn up in line, each with his mahout on his neck, and the howdah-elephants, chosen for their courage and staunchness, ready to kneel and receive the sportsmen and their rifles. The shikari perches himself on the crupper of his employer's elephant, to show the way, and in due time the procession files away into the jungle of tall reedy grass and scattered trees. After an

hour's march the leading elephant is halted, and the word is passed to "deploy into line." This is done, the howdah-elephants being stationed at the ends, and at intervals between the pad-elephants, whose duty is simply to help put up the tiger and prevent him breaking back. Now they move on again, brushing and crashing through the dry undergrowth; the heat and glare and dust are terrible, but every eye is strained to the front, and every rifle is cocked. The tiger may be anywhere in the sea of grass and bush, dotted with trees, which stretches away before us. A quivering and rustle brings every rifle to shoulder, but we catch a glimpse of antlers, and then a deer goes bounding away to the right. Again a rustle and rush the eye follows by the bending stems; only a sounder of pig. The line of elephants is a crescent now, and in this more open jungle the faintest breeze carries the dust to the rear. Another five minutes of slow advance, and a disturbance in the middle of the line draws all eyes upon a mahout, who is digging his driving-hook into his elephant's head, abusing her with the choicest epithets. "Look out!" comes from the end of the line, and tells us that that elephant who is not "staunch to tiger" has winded the game. The tension now reaches its height; there is not a movement in the grass, and yet—"A-a-a-h!" from every native in the beat. "There he is!" "Where?" "There, by that little clump of bush." Strange, is it not, how difficult it is to see "stripes" in his native jungle? Two white puffs and a double report from the next howdah forty yards away. The tiger rears up with a roar and dashes off to run the gauntlet of the whole line. Will he charge? He does,



A DRINK AFTER THE BEAT.



"DROPPED IN HIS TRACKS."

and charges the elephant of the steadiest shot in the district. The elephant stands like a rock. An awful pause; one shot, and at ten paces the tiger drops, shot through the spine.

"Padding" the dead tiger—that is, hoisting the carcase upon the pad of an elephant kneeling to receive it—is hard work for the natives, as a full-grown tiger may weigh 350 lb., or even more. A steady elephant is selected for the task of carrying the carcase back to camp to be skinned, for some evince the greatest dislike to such a burden, grumbling and trembling in every limb, and to share a seat on a timid elephant with a dead tiger is an exciting experience. The slightest unusual movement or noise starts the animal off, and she may go miles before the mahout can stop her. She makes no allowance for her passengers, but dashes straight away through the jungle, careless of trees and the boughs which may sweep everything off her back. A seat on a runaway motor-car in Regent Street is safer than one on a bolting elephant in the jungle. Generally speaking, the male elephant is more reliable than the female where tigers are concerned; but there are cowardly bulls and plucky cows. The most valuable animals are tuskers which will carry a howdah and are proved "staunch to tiger." The howdah is a top-heavy and cumbrous piece of furniture, and some elephants are never steady under it, though facing a tiger fearlessly when the sportsman shoots from a pad. The well-known sporting Prince, the Maharajah of Kooch Behar, sold some of his elephants a few months ago. One of the animals advertised was a forty-year-old tusker, standing 9 ft. 3½ in. at the shoulder; his character read, "carries a

howdah and is staunch to tiger"; he was priced at 7000 rupees. Another tusker, twenty-five years old, fast and staunch to tiger, but not "warranted in howdah," was valued at 4000 rupees only. Elephants for use in the forests and timber-yards of the East command much lower prices.

To the forester and timber-merchant the elephant's prodigious strength renders him invaluable, for he is one of the most obedient and patient of labourers. Though 2500 rupees is considered a high price for a first-class "timber elephant," I have known a tusker of irreproachable character go for 1500 rupees. He is chiefly employed in the great teak forests of British Burma. The elephant is also put to dragging artillery and transport-waggons, but it is in recesses of the forests where his services are indispensable, as he is frequently required to bring huge logs from almost inaccessible heights to the margin of a stream, whence the timber is floated down to the depôts. It is a radical error to suppose that the elephant, in exerting his strength in the moving of timber, employs his trunk. He is far too careful of injuring it. What he really does is to seize the rope attached to the log

very easy to imagine that the elephant thinks for himself. When the mahout elects, for a change, to sit on the saddle, or pad, he drives with his feet, and the dullest eye can detect how a rub of the heel on the right shoulder turns the elephant to the left, and *vice versa*. After his tractability, his gentleness is the elephant's most marked characteristic. No animal in man's service is so curiously careful where he puts his feet, and one might really suppose he was conscious of the disastrous consequences which would follow misapplication of their ponderous weight. The mahout takes cruel advantage of his disposition sometimes; he thrashes him on the toe-nail with a billet of wood, or—if free from risk of discovery by his European master—pricks his trunk with a spear till blood flows. The elephant might seize and crush his tormentor out of human shape without difficulty, but his only acknowledgment of the punishment is a roaring grumble that shakes the earth. An elephant has rarely been known to retaliate, save when in *must*; when that curious madness comes on him, no one dare approach him in his pickets. If he be taken in *must*,



THE ELEPHANT AS A WORKING-MAN.

in his teeth; he then passes it over his strong tusks, employing them as a fulcrum, and the only use he makes of his trunk is just to steady the log. The trunk is a very wonderful organ; it consists of no less than forty thousand muscles, so that it can be twisted in any direction, and its olfactory powers are extraordinary—one elephant will wind another a couple of miles away—while its sensitiveness is extreme. The elephant possesses very charming characteristics, and makes a very pleasant companion. For one thing, he is not easily mislaid, and he is very obedient to the slightest hint given by his mahout. In speed he is scarcely a record-breaker, but he can get over the ground in his shuffling way at the rate of fifteen miles an hour when he likes. There is one thing that he is not—he is not a really clever animal, in spite of all the tales in the story-books to the contrary, otherwise he would not suffer himself to be so easily captured in the kheddahs, the huge forest-enclosures into which the hunters drive the herds of elephants for the purposes of capture.

All the actions which are apparently spontaneous on the part of the working elephant are really performed at the bidding of his mahout. The driver on his neck directs every movement by pressure of the knee, and, as the man's knees are concealed under the elephant's ears, it is

and the fact escape notice, the consequences are likely to be awkward at least. In a suburb of Rangoon an elephant belonging to a firm of rice-merchants was one afternoon taken down to the river for his usual bath after work. He had, the mahout said, been "dull" all day and seemed out of sorts. He was in *must*. He notified the fact by seizing his mahout and tossing the astonished man into the water; then he ran into the "godown" close by, and, with one squeal, dismissed some two hundred coolies at work there. The godown was a huge palisaded shed, covering over an acre, and was full of loose paddy (unhusked rice) and stacks of bags of grain. For two nights and two days that elephant enjoyed himself among those stacks; spearmen, posted round the palisade wall, kept him in, and one might have supposed forty elephants bent on mischief had been there instead of one mad one. At last he was made prisoner with the aid of two big tusked, and chained up until such time as he should recover himself. It used to be thought that the only thing to do with a *must* elephant at large was to kill him; but an ingenious Forests Officer in Burma recently hit upon the plan of laming him temporarily with a charge of buck-shot below the knee. This heroic measure renders him incapable of hunting anyone, and when the fit passes away he can be caught and his wounds healed.

THE DUMPIES SKATING PARTY

FRANK VER-BECK,
DISCOVERED
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE,
HISTORIAN

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]



It was near the end of the second month of the year of Amenities. Snows had come and gone in the Land of Low Mountains, and the Dumpies believed that winter was nigh over. One night, however, there came a sudden freeze, and early the next morning his Highness the Royal Dumpling issued an order for the last skating-party of the season. Jolly-boy and Topsy-loo, who were still bowed low with the sorrow of their separation, were both glad of some diversion, while Commodore was happy in the prospect of skating side by side with fair Topsy. The Bears, Sir 'Possum, the Owl, and the Rabbit were all eager to try the

Then Jolly the gallant came flying,
"Oh, Topsy, my Topsy!" cried he,
"I will not allow you to perish,
Though you were so cruel to me."

And Commodore cried out in anguish,
"Oh, Jolly, forgive me, I pray;
'Twas I and that treacherous Rabbit
That stole her affections away."



new sport, and Wiscacre marshalled his followers on the big lake near the Dumpling's castle. The chronicles relate what happened, as follows—

Over the surface of crystal
Glided the Dumpies in pairs;
Dumpies alone and in trios,
Dumpies with juvenile bears;

Dumpies on sleds that Sir 'Possum
Dragged with his flexible tail;
And the Owl was the steed of the Dumplings,
And spread out his wings for a sail.



And Jolly-boy skated with Wide-out,
Though little of pleasure he knew,
For Commodore, proud and presuming,
Was linked with the fair Topsy-loo.

But Jolly-boy's turn was approaching:
The crystal in places was weak;
And the crowd in the midst of its pleasures
Was appalled by a terrible shriek.

For Commodore, cutting a flourish,
Had slipped on a spot that was thin;
And Topsy-loo, skating beside him,
Went sprawling, and both tumbled in.

"Oh, Jolly-boy, Jolly-boy, save me,
And if I get safely to shore,
I'll turn my attention to Wide-out,
And bring you to grief nevermore."

And Jolly-boy beamed with forgiveness,
When he heard how his rival had sinned;
But the cowardly Rabbit, in terror,
Fled over the hills like the wind;

While the Dumpies all ran to the rescue,
And saved them with neatness and skill,

As the heels of the Rabbit
flew skyward
And twinkled from
sight o'er the hill.

Then Commodore made
his confession
To Fat-and-Contented
the priest,
While Jolly and Topsy,
in triumph,
Were borne to a won-
derful feast.



It was many days before they saw anything more of the Rabbit, though Jolly-boy was ready to forgive him, and sent him word by the Snow-birds to come back. The Rabbit was very anxious to return, too, for he remembered the good times and good things to eat, but, being very timid and conscience-stricken, he was afraid.

Only his fore-legs had grown shorter in Dumpy Land. His hind-legs, from being always ready to spring, had remained long and ungainly, while his ears, from constant listening, had become very long indeed. Often now he crept near to Dumpy Land, and sometimes at evening the Dumpy people saw his long, listening ears above the hill-top against the setting sun.



THE AUTOCRAT.

Photographs by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.





MR. "BERNARD GOULD" AS THE LIEUTENANT IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE,"

AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MR. BERNARD GOULD—ACTOR.

We were baptised together. There had been but one rehearsal. Was our permissive Hamlet mad, I wonder? And shivering, if secretly elate, we stumbled, one raw November night just sixteen years ago, through dark and muddy lanes towards Edmund Kean's old theatre upon Richmond Green. The great London critics were to be there, to pontify. Every novice, for the scanty "regulars" were largely reinforced for the occasion by dauntless volunteers, was on his mettle. And when, presently, the tragedy, agreeably lightened by unpremeditated farce effects, was given, the gentleman who doubled Laertes and First Actor was for one accounted a success. The benediction of Mr. Clement Scott fell upon him from the pages of the *Theatre* magazine. No outward and visible sign was wanting of the effect of the inward spiritual grace he had revealed. A highly promising "Romantic" he was acclaimed on both sides of the curtain. And so ended the baptism of Mr. Bernard Gould.

Once a man is labelled, he is done for. It is like being ferried by old Charon. You cannot recross the Styx. And in all these sixteen years, only twice or thrice has Mr. Bernard Gould found something in the Elysian Fields hazily resembling "Romance," yet not antipathetic to himself. For, of course, he is no "Romantic"—no more than is Mr. William Archer or Mr. John Hare. All we, his godfathers at the christening, went utterly, hopelessly astray. A Vandyck head, a gallant air, a breezy charm, deluded us. Where these are, the Romantic is more Romantic still; but the essential thing is elsewhere. Truly, to be of the Romantics is to share the nature of the frog who could blow himself out to the size of an ox. It is to abjure humour and see nothing but the pedestal, your resting-place. It is to possess the faith (in yourself) that removes mountains (of other people). It is to go for the tip-toppest note and never sing anything else. Now this Gallio cares for none of these things. Is he offered a Richard Savage by Mr. J. M. Barrie, by Mr. Jerome a Master of Woodbarrow Farm, somebody Blottesque in Browning's "Scutcheon," or the Agitator of the Mistress of Arlingford by Mr. George Moore, he adopts the tactics of a Czar. He rules a line between the St. Petersburg and the Moscow of his understanding and sympathy, and pronounces "Thus will I travel and no way else." His work must all be in the same plane, or he cannot profess belief. He demands a union between reason and faith—an alliance only less impossible in most modern dramas than would be that of Torvald Helmer with Charley's Aunt. But this stern principle becomes a rock of offence only in the path of a Romantic. To what a level, for example, would a process of reasoning reduce the "hero"-astronomer in "The Masqueraders"! But apply it to a human being like Aubrey Tanqueray, and the actor swells the author's triumph. In Pinero, in "The Hobby Horse," and as Clement Hale in "Sweet Lavender," and in Ibsen as Brand and Ulric Brendel in "Rosmersholm," Mr. Bernard Gould has won unqualified success, because there was scope for that scrupulous actuality, that photographic exactitude, which in stage-work, as a draughtsman, his hand reveals throughout a long series of Lyceum souvenirs. But neither Pinero nor Ibsen has given scope for the invention, the rich humour, and the fantasy, upon which he can draw to an almost unlimited extent in acting as with his pen. A Pierrot—seen once only, I think, at the Royalty—showed him at his very best. Here he revealed a sense of fun, a gentle strain of sentiment, a feeling for poetry, and a command (unrivalled since Mr. Pinero left the stage) of mellifluous delivery of blank verse. But Pierrot is too slight a figure for the solid attainments of this fantastic comedian. What authority lies to his hand may be seen in his bluff disciplinarian who plays Captain's Captain in "Under the Red Robe." Combine this with his qualities of humour, sentiment, and picturesqueness, and you behold an ideal Rudolph of Ruritania. Employ in addition his critical powers of close analysis and passion for detail, and all that is required of a Tito Melema stands ready for the imminent adapter of "Romola." And should the Fantastic be denied him, in modern garb or mediæval, there is always Low Comedy open as a refuge for this most versatile among the younger actors, amazing mimetic gifts disposing him occasionally to coquette even with this humble handmaid of the actor's art.

MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE—ARTIST.

In these decadent days of schools and cults, when all art is reduced to specialism, and originality is stifled, one turns for refreshment and relief to the work in black-and-white from the prolific pen of Mr. Bernard Partridge, which has of late years become a prominent feature in the best class of illustrated journalism.

Occupying a foremost place in the front rank of British illustrators, Mr. Partridge works from a purely original standpoint. He draws his inspiration from no external source, gets his style of composition and treatment from no particular school. He has the strength of character sufficient to enable him to stand alone, and he has fashioned his pinnacle at an altitude whither it is permitted to few to follow in his footsteps.

Mr. Partridge draws directly from nature. Throughout his entire work it is impossible to trace the influence, conscious or otherwise, of any other illustrator. He has never studiously copied a drawing in his life, either of contemporary or predecessor. From his earliest attempts with pen or pencil, he has sought to reproduce his impressions of life rather than of line, and perhaps herein may lie the secret of his cunning. Even when undergoing the grinding routine of the Academy School, the innate love for the real, as opposed to the imitated, asserted itself, resulting in unauthorised absence and stormy interviews with authorities.

A single instance may, however, be cited, which, though it be not contradictory to this theory, at least can hardly be advanced in support of it. Like many another disciple of the pictorial art, Mr. Partridge was at an early age forced into uncongenial employment, family opinion deciding against art as a profession. His dominant passion was too strong to suffer chains of such a kind, so, in opposition to maternal views, he threw up commercial life, and on his own responsibility found work in the studio of a designer of altar-pieces, stained-glass windows, and like work. The designer, who had sufficient discernment to appreciate the talent of his clever if youthful colleague, left him to a great extent with a free hand, to their mutual advantage. Mr. Partridge worked for a long time at this class of work, an exquisitely designed altar-piece at Ryde and another at Haverstock Hill bearing witness of his skill. The designing of "bearded saints and prophets hairy, and the sweet pictures of the Virgin Mary" left an undoubted mark on his subsequent work, traceable in many places.

It is difficult to say wherein lies the peculiar charm of Mr. Partridge's art. To analyse his composition were a difficult feat, and to tear to single pieces the composite result that forms an indefinable style were but to destroy a beautiful flower, the parts of which, taken one by one, are

meaningless. Few artists show equal skill in the successful grouping of figures; few illustrators may lay claim to such extensive understanding of the possibilities of a satin skirt, or the folds of an opera-cloak; few enjoy his marvellous power in depicting the pose of the figure. Alike master of his medium as of his model, he realises the capabilities and the limitations of his brush and his pen, from giving the correct hang to the silken ball-gown to placing accurately the smallest ruck in a hunting-scarf. Whether the subject be in ermine or in tatters, he portrays, seemingly by instinct, the precise position of every crease, the intrinsic value of every line, with the greatest nicety, and this gives to his work the touch of truth.

It is to be regretted, but it is none the less true, that the public has never accorded to Mr. Partridge the position in the world of art that would be undoubtedly his right on a test of sheer merit. Though, in these days of self-advertisement, his extraordinary reticence, his self-effacing modesty, and his utter disregard for popular acclamation have deterred him from using methods commonly regarded as not only legitimate, but absolutely essential to progress, yet his place among the first artists of the day is unquestioned. Indeed, had he chosen to "push" himself by such means as paragraph and interview, the voice of the people had long since welcomed him to the exalted position he accepts so tardily. There are those who believe that Mr. Partridge might have made far greater strides as a draughtsman had he confined his attention specially to the art; but his double career certainly adds interest to his personality.



MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE ALHAMBRA EXTENSION.

The new and lofty Moorish building in the Charing Cross Road, nearly completed, which is like a solid piece of Seville transported to London, is not a Turkish mosque nor a new Jewish synagogue, but a much-needed extension of the Alhambra Palace Theatre, and a new frontage on the eastern side intended to rival the old western frontage in Leicester Square. No one can accuse the directors of hot-headed haste in their architectural developments. When the new entrances, saloons, board-rooms, offices, &c., are opened, the Alhambra will have been in existence, as a public company, more than thirty years, and as a theatre of varieties more than forty years.

The origin of the Alhambra was the Panopticon, a glorified Polytechnic Institution, erected, under the most distinguished patronage, in 1851. It was housed in one of the most perfect and magnificent Moorish Palaces ever erected in this country. It did much during its short career for "recreative science," and invented that charming combination of water and coloured electric-lights known in the showman's dictionary as the "fairy fountain."

In a short time the Panopticon went into liquidation, and the building and effects were brought to the hammer. The bold purchaser was E. T. Smith, the speculative theatrical manager, who was lessee of Drury Lane, Cremorne Gardens, Astley's, the Lyceum, Her Majesty's Theatre, and various taverns in different parts of London. His purchase, which was looked upon as a "white elephant," cost him only a few thousands, and he got this amount back by selling the fine organ to St. Paul's Cathedral and the machinery and diving apparatus to other purchasers. With the space obtained by these clearances he constructed a stage, obtained a music and dancing licence from the Middlesex magistrates, who always supported his enterprises, and started the first theatre of varieties in London, with the happy title of the "Alhambra."

E. T. Smith soon transferred his interest to the American Circus proprietors, Howes and Cushing, and the place became a circus. From Howes and Cushing it got into the hands of Mr. William Wilde, of Norwich, a son of the old electioneering manipulator. Mr. Wilde carried it on for a few years as a variety theatre and an occasional circus, and eventually he sold his interest to Mr. Frederick Strange, an energetic refreshment contractor from the Crystal Palace.

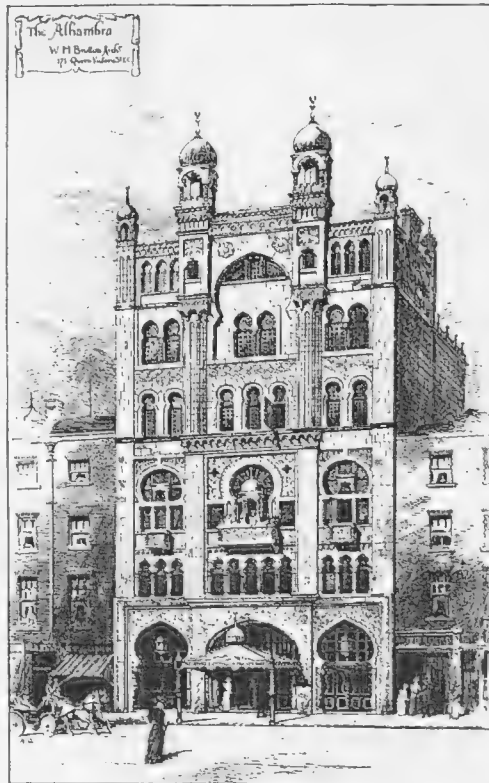
Mr. Strange was a man of capital and enterprise, and he at once produced a big ballet (the origin of the present Alhambra ballets), taken from Auber's "L'Enfant Prodigue," or rather, from the English version called "Azaël," which Mr. James Anderson had originated at Drury Lane in 1851. This was in 1864. The law now is the same as it was then, but theatrical monopoly and the protective spirit were at that time more active forces, and the Alhambra was prosecuted by Messrs. Benjamin Webster and Horace Wigan for an illegal performance of "stage-plays." The Law Courts were set in motion in 1865, but with no practical result. The question was not solved by any firm decision. The judges held that the ballet was not proved to be a stage-play, within the meaning of the

another Parliamentary Committee was appointed, went over the same ground, and arrived at a similar report in 1892. The net result up to the present time of these two Committees is Two Blue-Books. The law is still unaltered. Music-halls and variety theatres conduct their business, so to speak, on sufferance, trusting to the improved intelligence and greater liberality of theatrical managers of the present day, and other opposing interests, and to the support of public opinion.

In 1870 the then Alhambra management incurred the displeasure of the licensing authorities. The blame was laid on the dancing of the young lady high-kicker who was proud to be known as "Wiry Sal," but there had been several other "ructions" with the representatives of authority, and the result was that the licence was withdrawn. The managers walked out of the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, on Friday without a licence, and on Saturday morning walked into St. James's Palace, and got a full theatrical permit from the Lord Chamberlain, which allowed them to perform stage-plays, but prohibited them from allowing public smoking in the auditorium. From 1870 to 1882 the Alhambra was carried on with great enterprise as a theatre properly so called, but not with financial success. In 1882 the place was entirely destroyed by fire, produced without a doubt by surreptitious smoking in the gallery, and the new and present Alhambra was built and reopened as a theatre. In 1884 the directors, fortunately, were able to regain their music and dancing licence from the magistrates, with all the social liberty that it covers, and from that time till the present the Alhambra has lived and improved upon its old traditions. As the *Daily Telegraph* properly said, Oct. 11, 1884: "There was really no more valid reason for depriving the Alhambra of its music-hall licence in 1870 than there is now for granting it in 1884. Only, fourteen years ago the Middlesex magistrates were suffering from a hot fit of Puritanism, and at present they are enjoying a cool fit of common sense." The Alhambra is a freehold property, and is worked with a capital about one-half that of the little London Pavilion.

As a variety theatre, the Alhambra has been the pioneer of Continental turns, and has introduced the French singer to the English public. Within its walls the greatest gymnasts of the century have met with recognition, and it is noticeable that at the Alhambra the course of true ballet has ever run smooth. There has been no innovation, and the old traditions have been carefully preserved. Down to a few years ago, the house lacked an elaborate scheme of internal decoration, but of late the lounges have been richly upholstered and lighted with electric-lamps in carefully tinted shades and cosy corners. The effect has been to give an air of warmth and comfort that the heavy iron-work about the house had previously discounted, and at the moment the promenades can vie with any interior in London, so far as warmth, elegance, and comfort are concerned.

It is worthy of note that the County Council has never closed the Alhambra's promenade or restricted the range of the big bar that runs at the back. Even when the voice of the prude was loud, the worst attacks were not directed against the old variety house. The Alhambra has played a great part in the history of variety entertainment and in the



THE NEW FRONTAGE TO THE ALHAMBRA.



THE BACK OF THE NEW PROGRAMME OF THE ALHAMBRA.

Reproduced by permission.

Act, by the evidence before them, leaving it to be inferred that more evidence would have altered their opinion. The great and blessed word *divertissement* saved the Alhambra management.

A "ballet of action," called "Where's the Police?" produced after this, with the conventional characters of harlequin, columbine, pantaloons, and clown, not forgetting the red-hot poker, succeeded in encouraging another prosecution and a conviction that was upheld on appeal. The full fines (£20 a-night) were inflicted, and costs, amounting to about £400, and the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee was obtained to take evidence and report on dramatic licences. It took evidence and reported in 1866 that music-halls should have dramatic freedom, and

history of Leicester Square, which locality is altogether more savoury and reputable than in days and nights of old, when the painting of the statue set all London laughing. The alterations which have just been made augur well for the future of this house of entertainment, which will shortly be brightened by the production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's ballet.

Special attention may be called to the new programme of the Alhambra. It is printed on a strip of paper nearly three feet long, folding into three parts. On one side is the bill of fare; on the other is the admirable design in four colours—black, red, blue, and gold—which is reproduced here by permission. It marks a great advance in the art of programme printing.

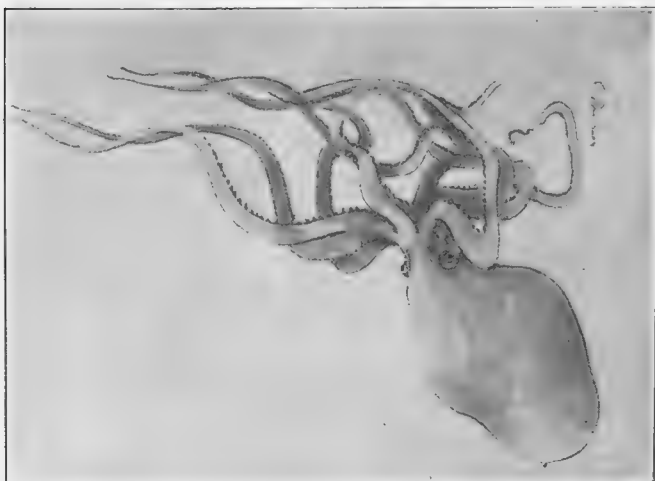
JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

A strange and elegant, if not particularly beautiful, example of Watanabe Seitei is the "Octopus," exhibited at the Japanese Gallery and reproduced here. Out of the gyrations of these terrible tentacles the Japanese artist succeeds in developing an interesting scheme of decoration. One is not sure whether, when the obvious purpose of the artist was so clearly decorative, he was justified in choosing for his scheme so repulsive a subject; the loathsome body and the evil eyes, however much you may try to dissociate them from their significance, cannot so be separated, and familiarity with the sketch only increases this sentiment. Nor is there any significance, from an artistic point of view, in the shapelessness of this ghastly trunk.

Mr. Frank Dillon's Venetian picture, "The Rialto," in the New Gallery Exhibition, is also reproduced here, and is a brilliant study of the radiant atmosphere and light of the much-exploited city. Mr. Dillon does not, as some have done, seek to set down the mystery and obscurity of this wonderful scene; he has seen it thus, and he transcribes for you unerringly the vision that came before his eyes, the darkness of the shadows, the beauty and obviousness of the light. The draughtsmanship, as becomes such a treatment of his theme, is unerring, even masterly; everything is real, solid, and certain, nothing doubtful, unintelligible, or distracting. All is in perfect order, and all is as satisfactory as possible.

An odd little, straight little photographic study, exhibited at the Photographic Salon, is "Poppies," also reproduced here. Leaf and stalk make a harmonious enough arrangement, but the subject is one which clamours for colour treatment rather than for photography.



OCTOPUS.—WATANABE SEITEI.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

Colour, too, would clearly enchant the attention from the straightness and the thinness of the stalks, which give to the whole scheme a somewhat gawky appearance. Still, and for this much is forgiven, the flowers really live and droop in vital attitudes, and the simplicity of the whole is its most charming quality.

The Old Water-Colour Society has a little surprise in store for the visitor in the display of certain pictures from the brush, not from the pen, of Du Maurier. There may have been exhibitions before of Du Maurier's pictures, but, at any rate, they must have been few. As it happens, however, it would not very much have mattered if there never had been any pictures of the kind to exhibit, for the sad truth is plain enough that Du Maurier could not paint. A clever and satirical critic observes of "The Two Thrones," one of these productions, that he "rather thinks Mr. Du Maurier painted his picture in the daytime, and forgot that there was any difference between day at Hampstead and night at Mayfair." The remark, caustic though it be, sums up the situation pretty successfully. Admirable as a black-and-white artist, as he was, he seems to have lost all grip of reality, and even humour, when he exchanged his pen for his brush. Forgetting colour, forgetting even the obvious tone necessities, he stands revealed here as the most extraordinarily unequal artist of the time.

Among other work exhibited at the Society's show which is of particular interest is an admirable Leighton illustration, and some of Mr. Alfred Hunt's singularly sincere and beautiful work. Mr. Hunt is an artist with whom familiarity engenders increased admiration. He approached nature in the spirit of an anxious student—to learn all he could, indeed, but, far more, to see nothing in her which was not really there. The result is that in all his work you are convinced of a peculiar quality of truthfulness; he is an artist of whom you feel that he observed the point of honour in all that he undertook to depict or to translate from the vision which nature vouchsafed to him. One might mention, among the work of other excellent artists, that of Mr. G. Fripp and Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Wallace Rimington's drawings now on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, curiously enough, remind one who has read it of the essay published in Mrs. Meynell's "Rhythm of Life," called "The Lesson of Landscape." She found that the tourist in Italy was used to miss the real beauty of the land in his determination that his expectations



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THE RIALTO, VENICE.—FRANK DILLON.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

of gorgeousness should not be disappointed. He will find plenty of words to express the blueness of the Mediterranean, but he will miss its whiteness; yet the white Mediterranean is the "flower of the breathless Midsummer." He will look for richness in vine, soil, and tree; but he will miss the vital point that the beauty of Italy lies in its sparseness, its austerity. Now it appears to me that Mr. Rimington has travelled in Italy not as this common tourist, but with this right outlook upon the beauties of that magical country.

He is aware, in a word, of the slim, slender elegance of that country, of its articulateness, its gentle confessions, and, what is more, he has the eyes of the artist to select, to judge, and the hands of an artist to fulfil his vision. Certain critics who have the right to speak suggest that Mr. Rimington has overdone the details in his drawing; but that may, perhaps, be not endorsed by every spectator, and we cannot agree with the criticism. Mr. Rimington's details, it may be urged, are so exquisitely related that they do form a very beautiful whole. His colour is very beautiful, never overdone, and always right. He has the atmosphere, too, of Italy, and his light is always delicately handled.

Mr. Aumonier is a painter of dreams and of delicate landscapes; he has a profound peacefulness of sentiment, and his outlook upon the visible world is touched with gentle romance. The exhibition at the Dowdeswell Galleries of a series of his canvases is, therefore, of interest to all artists. It contains no sensation, but its achievement is so level, and is distinguished in so very high a sense, despite its rare modesty, that it may rank with the best of the one-man shows we have had during the past few seasons. In all this work, and it is unnecessary to select particular pictures, he seems exactly to attain the ideal after which he aims—an ideal of poetry rather than of rhetoric; his technical qualities are admirable; his light seems to come really from the sun, and his manner is moulded in the traditions of a fine, even a lofty style.



POPPIES.—HENRY IRVING.

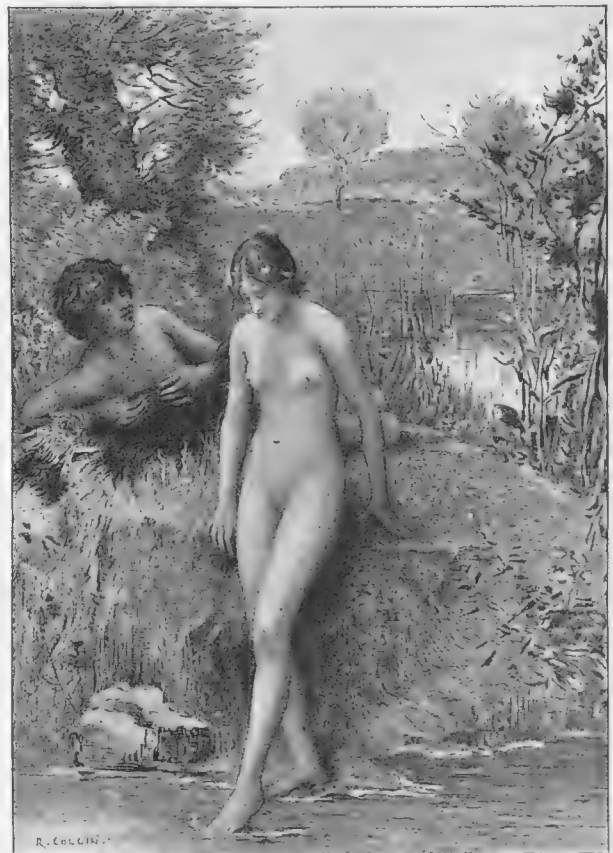
Exhibited at the Photographic Salon.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."*

Longus' idyllic pastoral lends itself exquisitely to illustration, and the etchings of Champollion from Raphaël Collin's designs which illustrate this superb edition of "Daphnis and Chloe" are worthy of the charming fifth-century romance. Its charm lies in its absolute simplicity, unsophisticated either by the suggestiveness of "Paul and Virginia," or the affectations of all modern pastorals. Its very plot is simplicity itself. Two parents at the same time expose their children as superfluous; one, because he lacks means to support a child; the other, because he has already a superabundance of children. The babes—a boy and a girl, of course—are wrapped up in such rich garments and adorned with such ornaments of gold as would ensure their identification in due time. A she-goat takes compassion upon the boy and suckles him, while a ewe performs the same foster service for the girl. The shepherd and goatherd, led by the creatures in their charge to the discovery of the children, adopt and rear them as their own. They are brought up to tend the flocks of their foster-parents, and fall in love without having a suspicion of what this strange, sweet trouble means. The girl is so exquisitely lovely and the boy so superbly handsome that each has a multitude of rivals, of whom the most formidable to Daphnis is Doreon the cowherd. Doreon, having in vain tried to supplant Daphnis

and mystery of their mutual passion is exquisitely done, while there is a happy touch of satiric humour in the mode and means of Daphnis' enlightenment at last by the disinterested Lycænum. This young woman, however, cannot so corrupt Daphnis as to lead him to corrupt Chloe, and the two live still in Eden, without a thought of evil. The next cross in the course of true love is the number of Daphnis' rich rivals, who press and almost persuade Chloe's foster-father to dispose of her in marriage to one or other of them. Daphnis in despair appeals to the Nymphs, and three of them appear in a vision and direct him to a spot on the seashore, which he could not fail to find, as he would be guided to it by the stench of a decayed dolphin, and beside it lay a purse of silver, that would make him as eligible a suitor of Chloe as his rivals. The purse carries the day; the marriage between Daphnis and Chloe is arranged to take place, but not till the autumn, when Daphnis' foster-father expected his master to visit his estate. On the arrival of the master, however, Daphnis narrowly escaped the greatest danger he had incurred yet—that of being carried back to the city, through the treachery of an extremely nasty intriguer. In order to save him from this fate, his foster-father disclosed to his master the secret of Daphnis having been found, in his infancy, wrapped in sumptuous apparel and suckled by a goat. The garments and golden ornaments are produced, and by their means Daphnis is identified as the master's own son, whom he had exposed as superfluous in his infancy.



From "Daphnis and Chloe." Illustrated by Etchings from Champollion, from Designs by Raphaël Collin.

in Chloe's favour by the plea that a cowherd excelled a goatherd as much as an ox exceeded a goat in value, disguised himself in a wolf's skin in order so to terrify Chloe as to have her at his mercy. As, however, he took in only the dogs, he was nearly torn to pieces for his pains. A little later he made up amply for the villainy of this attempt by suggesting to Chloe with his dying breath an ingenious device for the rescue and recovery of his rival Daphnis. Daphnis had been carried off by pirates, who had mortally wounded Doreon and swept his whole herd into their ship, and the dying cowherd bargains for a kiss from Chloe in exchange for a secret which would at once revenge him by the destruction of the pirates and comfort Chloe by the restoration of her lover. She had but to play a certain tune upon his pipes, and the whole herd of cows on the pirate ship, recognising the call, would leap into the sea from the same side of the boat and so upset it. At the sound of the call the cows leaped into the sea, upset the ship, and drowned the pirates, embarrassed by their heavy accoutrements, while Daphnis, being lightly clad, swam to shore, holding on by the cows' horns. Chloe, we are archly told, forgot to mention to Daphnis the kiss she had paid for his rescue. At the next raid it is Chloe's turn to be carried off and Daphnis' to be left lamenting, until the intervention of the great god Pan himself; and we have a very vivid description of the panic terror into which the abductors were thrown by that deity. Then we have a long pastoral interval of peace, during which the lovers are never happy apart, and never at rest together, they know not how nor why. The description of the growth

Meanwhile, Chloe, who fancied herself deserted by Daphnis in his prosperity, is carried off by a rival, and, with some difficulty, is rescued, to find that, not only Daphnis, but his new-found father and mother, are delighted to acknowledge the betrothal. She is convinced of this by the strongest argument that can be addressed to a girl—new clothes. We altogether decline to believe, however, the statement (which is in such flagrant contradiction with the exquisite illustrations) that "it now became manifest that beauty is enhanced by ornament. Indeed, Chloe, richly attired, with her hair braided and her face shining from the bath, looked far more beautiful than before, and Daphnis himself could barely recognise her."

It only remains now to find Chloe's parents, and with this object the father of Daphnis, at Cupid's suggestion, gives a great feast to which all Mitylene is invited, and at which the tokens found with Chloe are displayed for identification. They are identified by the man who to-day occupies the seat of honour at the feast, though in the days when he had exposed Chloe he was too poor to support her. Henceforth all goes merry as a marriage-bell; but Daphnis and Chloe, truer to their breeding than to their birth, live happy ever after in the fields as shepherds, instead of in the town with their noble parents. Indeed, so true are they to their breeding that, when they themselves become parents, they cause their first child, a boy, to be suckled by a goat, and their second, a girl, to be reared by a ewe. In a word, "Daphnis and Chloe" is a pure and perfect pastoral—

It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

* "Daphnis and Chloe." By Longus. Illustrated with Etchings by Champollion, from Designs by Raphaël Collin. With a Preface by Jules Claretie. (The Fin-de-Siècle Library.) London: H. S. Nichols.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Lucille, the slack-wire walker (Miss Katie Seymour).



*As a barber I'll start,
And I'll practise my art
In some shaving saloon Piccadilly way.*



This is how Lucille greeted her lover Biggs (Mr. Edmund Payne), the American bar-tender, when he came forth to serenade her one day like a troubadour of old.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



BIGGS, THE AMERICAN BAR-TENDER.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N W.



LUCILLE ABOUT TO ENTER THE CIRCUS RING TO PERFORM HER SLACK WIRE ACT.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



The Terrible Turk (Mr. Arthur Hope) was challenged to a combat by poor Biggs.



The two dancing-girls who enliven the great ball in the last act.



*Pets of the circus ring,
Guilty we dance and sing ;*



LUCILLE AND BIGGS AS CLOWNS.

*We are a pair alike to a hair,
And perfect in everything.*

THE SPORTS CLUB.

Photographs by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

Some years ago, in the latter half of the 'eighties, the late Sir John Astley conceived the idea of starting a club for which the qualification should be active interest in some branch of sport or pastime. Like many other happy thoughts, the scheme took long to incubate, and, when at last it came to life, received such slender support that there were times when the infant "Sports" alarmed its parents by symptoms of premature collapse. The first few years of its existence gave no promise of the future before it—clubs and men are very much alike in this respect—and not until it moved into the house it now occupies in St. James's Square did the tide of its prosperity begin to flow. When the tide did turn, it turned with extraordinary rapidity; in these days of "records" in all things, from bags of game to cycle performances, it is peculiarly fitting that the record in the annals of Clubland should have been achieved by the Sports, and its record is distinguished from others in that it is not likely to be beaten. On Feb. 1, 1893, the club took possession of its present quarters, with under five hundred names upon the members' roll; in twelve months from that date it counted upwards of two thousand six hundred members, and now, with three thousand seven hundred names on the books, is admitting new members at the rate of five in every two days. No other club in London can point to an advance at this rate. The reason lies on the surface: the recruiting-grounds of the Sports are the Universities and the Army; and the certainty of meeting

friends of kindred taste and social standing is sufficient inducement to bring young men to the handsome club-house in

Evanger River, Norway, by Mr. Ernest Horn, stands in what is left of the alcove which once contained the altar. At a later period the house was leased by the Corinthian Club, which converted the chapel into a ball-room, the alcove offering a convenient place for the band. The Sports Club then occupied the house in York Street adjoining, and when the Corinthian closed their doors, absorbed the whole of the premises.

There are two trophies worth looking at outside the smoking-room door—a hippopotamus skull and the head of a Javan rhinoceros killed by Mr. Campbell last year. There are few examples of the Javan species of rhinoceros in this country, and the club is fortunate in owning so good a specimen. Do not, by the way, forget to look at the walrus skull which was presented by Mr. J. M. R. Francis; it deserves its place, overlooking the entrance hall, for its fine tusks. The head of a gaval (*gavialis gangeticus*), given by Captain Campbell, is also a notable trophy. The ugly monster to which this belonged was a representative of the oldest families of saurians now existing; the gavials have relations among the fossil reptiles of the Siwalik Hills, and are found on the mud-banks of the Ganges to-day. More attractive is the head of the Greater Koodoo at the foot of the stairs, opposite the dining-room door, one of Captain A. St. H. Gibbons' many gifts. This trophy is one of the finest specimens known; it measures 59½ in. round the outer spiral, while the longest known horn tapes 64 in. Higher up on the opposite wall is the head of a wapiti, killed by Captain Campbell; larger heads are recorded, but none excels this in massiveness of beam, "wildness," and symmetry. Facing this

head are two moose trophies, conveniently hung for purposes of comparison. One belonged to a large low-ground moose, with enormous palmated antlers; the other is that of a Rocky Mountain moose, the smallness of whose antlers



INYALA.



KODOO.



GAVIAL.



MÁRKHOR.

St. James's Square. Though a large proportion of the members are young men who have yet their spurs to win, the walls of the Club bear ample evidence that among its supporters are men who have made names as explorers and sportsmen. The Sports can boast a collection of big-game trophies as complete as that of any club in London or without. An institution of the club is the system of arranging dinners at which members devoted to each branch of sport or pastime may meet. The first "Big-Game Dinner" was held on Jan. 20, and the occasion suggests noticing a few of the many trophies which adorn the walls. It is impossible to even mention a twentieth part of these, and ere long the collection will be augmented by further gifts, whose number will cover the walls of the great smoking-room. That room, by the way, offers a curious example of the changes that befall a London house: at one time the front portion of the club-house was the Italian Embassy, and what is now the smoking-room was the private chapel! A big glass case containing a fifty-five pound salmon killed in the

leads colour to the opinion once held that this was a distinct species, and not merely a "local variation," as it is now acknowledged to be. Among the heads on the top landing you must remark the head of a

markhor, shot by Mr. G. V. Davidson, R.A. It is a fine trophy, and much above the average size. Perhaps the specimen of which the Club has most reason to be proud is the lion lent recently by Captain Gibbons. It is the second largest, in point of height, ever shot, and measured 43 in. at the shoulder; his skin when pegged out taped 12 ft. 1½ in. from nose to tail-tip. Mr. Gerrard, the taxidermist, who mounted the skin, was photographed with his work in order to afford an idea of the size. Mr. Gerrard stands 5 ft. 11 in. Captain Gibbons shot this lion last August in the Mashikolumbwé country, north of the Zambesi, a tract which had never before been visited by a European. In the thirteen days prior to his death the brute had killed two women, two oxen, two donkeys, a sheep, a lamb, and a goat; the feelings of the natives when they saw him lying dead can, therefore, be appreciated.



LION SHOT BY CAPTAIN GIBBONS.

THE VARIETY MANAGERS OF LONDON.—V.-VIII.

It must be admitted on all sides that the Empire Palace of Varieties is the best-patronised music-hall in the Metropolis. It is certainly the largest, and perhaps the most fashionably attended. Over the destinies of such an undertaking there must essentially preside a man gifted with the finest powers of detailed organisation, and in Mr. H. J. Hitchins the public could not have a better manager. Mr. Hitchins commenced life in a London banking house, but was not destined to remain there long. As is often the case with ambitious young men, he could not withstand the magnetic glare of the footlights, and joined a provincial touring company, by which means he acquired a knowledge of the ins-and-outs of stage life. After playing for two years at several important houses, he took duties in the front of the Princess's Theatre as assistant-manager. Sticking assiduously to his by no means light duties, he was promoted to the responsible position of acting-manager, under the proprietorship of that highly esteemed gentleman the late Mr. Alexander Henderson. Next followed a series of respective engagements as acting-manager at such well-known theatres as the Folly, Royalty, Globe, Criterion, and Strand, in which connection he took an active part in the production of such successes as "Madame Favart," "Olivette," "La Mascotte," "Great Divorce Case," "Pink Dominos," "Truth," &c. At the opening of the Empire Theatre, then a dramatic house, in 1883, Mr. Hitchins was appointed manager, his first production being that well-known opera by M. Hervé, "Chilperic." Four years later, when the Empire was transformed into a theatre of varieties, the directors were unanimous in the adoption of Mr. Hitchins as manager. For nearly ten years has this genial and popular gentleman held the guiding reins at the Empire. His responsibility is great, but none the less is his endeavour to present to his gigantic audience a high-class entertainment, of which the present ballet, "Monte Cristo," is an example.

Mr. George Burgess, the veteran manager of the Royal, Holborn, is a great man for novelty. The programme which he nightly places before an enthusiastic audience is of the highest and most attractive order. Mr. Burgess is a firm believer in variety, his annual visits to the Parisian halls invariably bringing back some new and fetching item. Mr. Burgess has been connected with the Royal for many years. Commencing as secretary, under the proprietorship of Mr. Purkiss, in 1887, he gained an insight into variety management, and in 1890 we find him assistant-manager and treasurer, with a genial chief in that much lamented and esteemed official, Arthur Swanborough, who died a year ago. After Mr. Swanborough's decease, Mr. Burgess was naturally appointed manager. He has catered for the public of Holborn, Gray's Inn, and the surrounding districts with no small measure of success. A feature in the management of the Royal is the entire change of programme every week, a system which is rendered partially necessary owing to the same people patronising the hall two or even three times a-week. Fanny Leslie, Harry Randall, Eugene Stratton, and R. G. Knowles are some of the many favourites whom Mr. Burgess from time to time secures.

Everybody knows Mr. Edward Swanborough, who for eleven years has successfully superintended the ways and means of the Pavilion Theatre in Piccadilly Circus. You might imagine Mr. Swanborough to be a county magnate to see him in the street, but immediately he sets foot in the Pavilion he hasn't a moment to spare to anyone. "Too busy; come again!" is his universal answer to the many inquirers, journalists and others, who daily plague his wits and reason. But Mr. Swanborough is a universal favourite, and it is only the enormous amount of work which he is compelled to get through that gives him

little time to see visitors. He has had a unique career in the management of theatres. After serving in several minor positions in different theatres, Mr. Swanborough was chosen, out of many candidates, to fill the important position of acting-manager of the Strand Theatre in 1875, with which he had been associated as early as 1865. Twenty years' service in the interests of the Strand made him more than qualified to take the helm at the Pavilion, which position he has admirably held since 1885. The Pavilion is one of the three Syndicate halls, and embraces to a great extent the "turn" system so common to the Oxford and Tivoli. It is no easy task to arrange harmoniously with two other halls the nightly succession of perhaps twenty artists, all of whom are popular favourites. But Mr. Swanborough never has a hitch, and the many artists who naturally come under his control are unanimous in voting him a jolly good fellow, and wish him well in the voyage he is taking for his health.

Our list would not be complete without the inclusion of Mr. Jesse Sparrow, the popular manager of the Grand Hall, Clapham Junction, which is possibly the most successful of provincial houses. The experience of Mr. Sparrow stretches over a period of twenty-five years. He founded in 1871, in conjunction with Mr. Hunt, a series of popular "Saturday nights" at the Town Hall, Shoreditch, where he remained as managing director for seventeen years. Mr. Sparrow had previously been connected with Sadler's Wells Theatre and the Alexandra, Highbury, where he occasionally, with no little success, performed as a low-comedian. In November of 1895 the promoters of the Grand, among whom were Harry Randall, Fred Williams, and Herbert Campbell, secured the valuable services of Mr. Sparrow as manager, and the remarkable success which he has attained there fully justifies his selection. His hall is nightly packed with an appreciative audience. Mr. Sparrow, never ceasing to promote good entertainments, is now engaged, with the assistance of Mr. G. E. S. Venner, in the formation of two new ventures—the National Palace of Varieties, Croydon, and the Granville Theatre, Walham Green, of which he is general manager. If these music-halls turn out as well as the Grand, Mr. Sparrow should be proud indeed. He is as hospitable to his patrons as he is to his artists.

A. WALLIS.



MR. H. J. HITCHINS (EMPIRE).

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.



MR. GEORGE BURGESS (ROYAL).



MR. E. SWANBOROUGH (PAVILION).

Photo by Hana, Strand.



MR. JESSE SPARROW (GRAND).

Photo by Taylor, Lavender Hill.

A DIRECTORY OF AUTHORS.

A new annual has made its appearance in the shape of the *Literary Year-Book*, edited by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, and published by Mr. George Allen.

It contains the basis of what might be a useful work of reference, but at present it is somewhat elastic and meaningless. It is very doubtful policy, for instance, to publish the addresses of authors. There was one directory which did that, and the editor himself came to regret it, as his private residence became the dumping-ground for every possible sort of request from amateur authors. Besides, such a directory serves very little good purpose, as most editors in search of an author know his address. It is somewhat difficult to decide on what principle Mr. Aflalo has selected the personages whom he has had biographed, as most of them are by no means new-comers, and have not made any particular hit this year. Mr. Thomas Greenwood's *Library Year-Book* becomes fuller with each issue. The book is full of curious statistics, such as the following—

Wales	has one Municipal Library for every	94,937	of its population.
England	"	103,708	"
Scotland	"	125,812	"
Ireland	"	276,764	"

But, notwithstanding this fact, the public library does not find universal favour, despite the inducements offered to the ratepayers by Mr. Passmore Edwards.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



IS THIS "THE GOLDEN GIRL"?



BOY : Ain't come to no sossige yet, guv'nor.

PIEMAN : That's all roight, me son ; you ain't bit fur enough.

BOY (after another bite) : No sossige yet, guv'nor.

PIEMAN : Go along with yer—yer bit over it now !



CURATE : And how is the baby to-day ?

MOTHER : 'E be still abed, Sir ; and, when I 'ears 'is weak little pitiful voice, 'e do so remind me of you !



MISS SWEET (*to her little dog*): Come along, darling.
JOHNNY: By Jove! I wonder if she means me?

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN UNRECOGNISED CAPTIVE.

BY J. ANGUS HAMILTON.

I was passing my cousin's house, when I stopped the cab and alighted. It was not my intention to have called, but—I rang the bell. The butler dismissed the hansom. It was quite evident I was unexpected. I dozed quietly by the side of the fire. I guessed Miss Blanche was having her hair dressed. A cough and the frou-frou of silk claimed my attention.

"Good morning," said I, as we shook hands.

"Good afternoon," she replied with emphasis. "Three o'clock is customarily considered the afternoon."

I bowed without speaking.

"The sunshine of your presence recalled the morning," said I, after a pause.

"Tea?" said she, seating herself.

"Thank you," said I, following her example. I accepted the cup.

"Cream? Sugar—two lumps?"

Now I seldom took afternoon tea, but the play of her fingers was delightful. It always was, but absence—

"Cream?" she repeated, poisoning a silver cream-jug.

"Thank you," said I, admiring her hands.

"Sugar?" said she again.

I hated sugar, but—

She had risen to give me the sugar. Her hand was near my lips. I bent. It remained there—the perfection of grace. I kissed it.

"Not now," said I, as she dropped a lump into the tea-cup.

I passed the cake, and my eyes caught the flash of a diamond ring. The stones were certainly superb.

"One hour," I muttered to myself, glancing at a gold time-piece on an Empire table.

"To do what in?" Miss Blanche queried.

I had spoken aloud; it was a failing. I bit my lips.

"Before the club closes," said I, plunging wildly.

"Have you no afternoon in your life?"

"It is graced by the beauty of the moon," I answered thoughtlessly.

"It would seem a matter of astronomy."

"A question of weather—"

"Fair or foul?" she demanded, flashing her eyes.

"Beautiful," I retorted gallantly.

We lapsed into silence. I stroked my moustache.

She broke the stillness.

"Dreaming?" said she, with a charming smile.

"Of you," said I, also smiling.

"No fibs"—and she shook a dainty finger-tip.

I recalled the action and her attitude.

"The truth," she persisted.

"In truth, dear lady, of your hair."

It was a most luxuriant growth, daintily coiffured.

"At your old habits," remarked Blanche, looking pleased.

"I trust so—when with you."

She puckered her forehead and glanced down. I followed her glance. It rested on an engagement-ring, the diamond hoop I had observed before.

"The deuce!" said I to myself. "I have come none too soon."

Blanche was regarding me curiously. I suspected I had spoken aloud—my old trick again.

"Are you glad to see me?" I inquired.

"Why should I be?" she tartly asked.

"A matter of taste." I was fencing—indirectly for my life.

"Very poor taste, perhaps! As glad as you are to see me."

Equivocation would score against me. She drew first blood.

"That passeth man's understanding," said I, feeling hurt.

"A deed of notorious simplicity." She was decidedly acid.

"That depends upon the man," I ventured to suggest.

"You would be no exception!"

"The proof of the pudding—"

"Lies in digestion," she retorted reflectively.

"A matter of hours," I pleasantly murmured.

"You have not been near me for six months," was the sharp reproof.

It was all quite true. A gleam of light aided me.

"At your own request," I insinuated.

"Then you deserve greater punishment."

It was certainly time to tack again. I noted the fire in her beautiful eyes. We rested our foils. I felt defeated.

"Woman is merely a free-trader." The ruse was successful. Her mood began to change.

"Man is an article of commerce."

"By special treaty," I pleaded tentatively.

"Women rule the Universe. They are the Powers."

"Their characteristic attitude is belligerent impotence."

Her position piqued me, but it was incautious.

"Their grace of true humility is very pleasing," was her comment.

Very lofty, but beside the question. She had ignored my remark.

"Woman's weakness is man's temptation."

I felt very frivolous. The situation seemed absurd.

"You digress—," she stopped me quickly.

"Digression on the part of man is the contraction of woman's assumed prerogative."

"We stick to the point?"

"When it is lost!" I felt quite nervous.

"We argue brilliantly?"

"In narrowing circles." I breathed again.

Her pretty face flushed momentarily. I passed my empty cup, and our hands met. Over the surface of the face flitted another mood.

"A woman who never makes mistakes, never does anything else either," she declared solemnly.

"Female women are the grand exceptions of the period," I replied.

She glanced at me again. My gravity was imperturbable.

"I am going to be married." It came with a rush.

I checked my astonishment.

"Heart is never of much consequence. I am delighted to hear it."

"You are not upset?" She appeared quite anxious.

"Why should I be?" I demanded coldly.

"I thought—our last meeting—"

Whatever it was, it made her blush.

"I have no memory of our last meeting," I said brusquely.

She sighed. She was an admirable coquette.

"None whatever?" She sighed again.

I rose and planted myself in front of the fire.

"Dear lady," said I, "how often does memory spell remorse?"

She gazed into the fire, making the expression of her eyes quite sad.

"Memory, memory is a private sepulchre." She uttered this so bitterly. I was astounded. She made me feel serious.

"Whitened at the public expense." I endeavoured to be blithe.

"I only remember what you have forgotten." That was pretty indeed.

"A man remembers to forget. Women forget—to remember," said I authoritatively. "It remains to prove what I have forgotten, and you remembered." She uttered a cry, and looked at me.

Sitting by the fire, she formed a picture for any man's home.

"It depends upon you," I remarked, "to fulfil my engagement."

She glanced down again, toying with her ring.

"To whom?" murmured she.

"To myself," said I.

"That is beside the question," she said very quickly.

"Precisely," said I, stooping to pick up my hat as she touched the bell.

"Are you going?" she inquired.

I waved my hat towards the bell.

"The tea-things," she said, smiling to show her teeth.

I bowed and reseated myself.

"He's a very old man," she stated irrelevantly.

"Age is elastic," I suggested faintly.

"But he is very rich."

"I should like to congratulate him."

"Thank you so much," she said very neatly.

"From my point of view—"

She looked at me keenly.

"He is most unwise."

She frowned, and kept silent.

"He will lose his fortune."

"It might have been yours."

"Which could have been yours."

She glanced at me wistfully, and sighed. I concluded that sighs became her—she did it so often.

"I congratulate you, too"—she raised her eyes expectantly—"on sparing me," I finished rudely.

"You are very unkind," said she.

"I am really most sorry."

"A little kindness—," said she, pausing.

"Does away with a great deal of bitterness."

"I am really most sorry," remarked she again, and glanced at the clock. It was nearly five.

"But he is coming at five," I interpolated.

"How did you know?"

"Love always comes at the dusk of the day."

"Sometimes it goes, too," she said very quietly.

We both had risen.

"Castles in the air are light. They grow heavy in the heart."

"Pity for one's life always comes too late," Blanche said mournfully.

"For other people's it never comes at all," I returned gaily.

"Shall I see you again?" Blanche asked, looking away.

"I scarcely hope so," said I thickly.

"I shall always remember—"

"What you think I have forgotten," I intruded again.

She blushed very prettily.

"The tribute to Memory is an occasional fillip." She had kissed me very shyly.

"In tribute it was a king's ransom," quoth I.

"You are my king," she whispered to me.

I bowed very low, kissing her hands.

"I would have you stay—" Her eyes were bright. She was lovely indeed. I bowed again and opened the door.

"But it is better so."

I bowed again and shut myself out.

THE NEW DRURIOLANUS.

MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.

Across the great stage of Drury Lane Theatre, amid a labyrinth of scene-cloths, side-pieces, and "properties," through a chattering crowd gaily dressed in the fantastic costumes of pantomime China, I made



MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

my way (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) to the office of Mr. Arthur Collins, the well-known stage-manager, who is now to succeed his long-time chief, the late Sir Augustus Harris, in the management of the National Theatre. I found Mr. Collins busy at his desk, from which he promptly turned to talk of his great undertaking, with that happy, quiet confidence which is always characteristic of the man who adventures boldly and means to succeed greatly. That he possesses all the technical knowledge and ability to manage Drury Lane Theatre I already believed, as, indeed, anyone must believe who is aware of the work he has done there for years past under the rule of Sir Augustus Harris; and it needed but few questions and

answers to convince me that Mr. Collins has the courage of his own powers, with a firm faith in the commercial prospects of his enterprise.

"Drury Lane is a certain gold-mine, if worked on straightforward lines," he said; "and when any manager has lost money here, I venture to say it has been the result of circumstances not legitimately connected with this theatre. With pantomime for thirteen weeks and spectacular drama for another thirteen, a very handsome profit is always to be realised, and this is going to be my policy, though possibly I may in a year or two try the experiment of an additional drama to run through the season."

"Then, I presume, you have no belief in the threatened pulling down of old Drury?"

"Certainly not. Drury Lane, with its superb auditorium, is far too fine a theatre to demolish. The fact of the Duke of Bedford having granted me a forty years' lease must surely dispose of that idle rumour. I may tell you that I have purchased from the executors of Sir Augustus the remnant of his lease, and I take possession on March 25."

"Then you will begin operations at once, Mr. Collins?"

"First of all, I shall re-decorate the theatre, and, if anyone likes to rent it for the season, I shall be happy to let it, beginning my own managerial campaign on the August Bank Holiday, when I shall produce a spectacular drama, written by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, who have already worked so successfully together in 'The Derby Winner' and 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer.' At Christmas time I shall present a pantomime on the subject of 'The Babes in the Wood,' written by Arthur Sturgess. This is already planned out, and I have engaged Miss Ada Blanche and Herbert Campbell, both with the option of re-engagement for successive years, and Dan Leno, whom I have secured for the next three pantomimes. In addition to these, I have engaged two clever eccentric comedians, Griffin and Dubois, who have just made a great hit at the Theatre Royal, Manchester."

"And your working staff?"

"I am happy to say that the heads of all the principal departments will remain with me. We have all worked so well together for years that they have come forward in the most friendly and loyal spirit and expressed their willingness to support me; and in this I consider myself most fortunate. Mr. James Glover will, of course, continue to direct the music."

"Am I right, Mr. Collins, in supposing that you had a good deal to do with the present pantomime, in collaboration with Mr. Oscar Barrett?" I asked, being aware that, so far, the receipts of "Cinderella" have beaten the record.

"I worked on this production exactly as I used to work with Sir Augustus on his pantomimes, superintending all the details of stage-management, scenery, and costumes."

"The wording of the programme scarcely conveys all that, perhaps, to the public mind," I suggested.

"Ah, well, perhaps the printers ran out of large capitals before they came to my name," he said, with a smile which suggested a recompensing future of big type.

"You have never been connected with any other management than Augustus Harris's, have you?"

"No, and I may say that he taught me practically all I know of theatrical management and production. For years I worked with him in the closest confidence, dining at his house nearly every Sunday to discuss the details of his multitudinous schemes and enterprises, and being treated by him more like a friend than a servant."

"Now, tell me, how did you first become connected with Drury Lane?"

"I must go back a good many years to tell you that. When I was a boy at school I had a passion for pantomimes, and never missed one, beginning to see them in the old Chatterton days, and always interesting myself in the manner and details of their *mise-en-scène*. Then I grew ambitious to be a scenic artist, and began my career with Henry Emden in the old painting-room of Drury Lane, now done away with, where Beverley used to work. One day Sir Augustus (then Mr.) Harris and Harry Pettitt came into this painting-room, where I was drawing figures on a cloth. They noticed my work, and Harris asked Emden who I was. At this time I was also modelling 'properties' under Emden's supervision. However, scene-painting and 'property'-modelling did not suffice for my ambition—like the amateur lime-light man in 'A Pantomime Rehearsal,' I wanted to act; so I went on tour in one of Harris's companies to play small parts in the Drury Lane dramas, and in this capacity I was again fortunate in attracting the chief's notice. I was playing Joe Bunney, a character-part in 'A Run of Luck' (which I afterwards played in the revival at Drury Lane), when Harris turned up one night with Pettitt—this was at Oldham, I think—and asked me who the deuce I was? A day or two afterwards I received a wire from Harris to go to him in Glasgow, where he had taken the Grand Theatre and had appointed Clarence Holt to be his manager. When I presented myself in Harris's room at the hotel, I was greeted with, 'What the devil do you want?' 'You sent for me,' I said. 'Oh, did I? Well, let me see. If you were in charge of a theatre and I sent you a hundred scene-cloths, what would you do with them?' The question seemed to me a little odd, but I answered that I would unpack them and see what they were. 'And what then?' was the next question. 'Well, I should see what use I could make of them.' 'Exactly,' said Harris; 'well, I sent a hundred cloths here to be used for the pantomime, and Holt has sent 'em away to be stored just as they are, and ordered a lot of new stuff. Do you know the pantomime of 'Aladdin'?' I replied that I knew something about it, having worked on some of the scenes and watched the rehearsals at Drury Lane. 'All right,' said Harris; 'I want you to produce it for me here.' 'It's rather a large order,' I said, 'but I'll do my best.' That settled it, and we parted; but within a few hours Harris came to me and told me he wanted me to take over the entire management of the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, with instructions not to wait to write letters, but to wire him about any difficulties, and to let nothing interfere with the preparations for 'Aladdin.' So, without any practical experience of management or production, I was left on my own responsibility to control a theatre and produce a pantomime!"

"And you accomplished both?"

"Yes. I worked like a nigger. 'Aladdin' was an enormous success, and I managed the theatre for six months; but I must tell you that, while I was in the thick of the pantomime preparations, I received a wire ordering me to produce 'The World' in a week! Now, although tradition has it that the world was produced in six days a good many years ago, I considered it an impossibility, with a pantomime production on hand, and wired accordingly. But Harris would not admit the word 'impossible' in his vocabulary, and the thing had to be done."

"And your next experience, Mr. Collins?"

"Harris took Covent Garden for his first season of Italian opera, and sent for me to come down from Glasgow and assist him with the stage-management. From Covent Garden I came to Drury Lane for the autumn drama, and here I have been ever since—at least, here and the Garden—stage-managing dramas, pantomimes, and operas; in fact, all Sir Augustus Harris's productions."

"Your experience in the matter of operatic production must surely be greater than anyone else's in London?"

"It has certainly been extensive. In reviving Italian opera in England, Sir Augustus Harris felt it was necessary to present operas with more elaborate stage-settings than they ever had before in this country, and operatic production, therefore, became a much more important thing under his management. After three or four seasons, he gradually left the whole of the *mise-en-scène* to me, so that I have naturally an intimate knowledge of the scenic requirements and stage-management of all the current operas, and I am happy in possessing letters of thanks from all the modern composers whose works have been given at Covent Garden, as well as from all the principal artists and the Wagner Society."

"The gay revellers of London, I fancy, must also owe you some thanks in connection with the fancy-dress balls, Mr. Collins?"

"Well, I must plead guilty to the charge of having suggested those merry festivals to Sir Augustus Harris, and of successfully urging the execution of the idea. There were many of his friends and counsellors who opposed it, on the ground that the promotion of a fancy-dress ball was unworthy of a Sheriff of the City of London—it was Sir Augustus' year of Shrievalty—but the public did not take that view. The balls were set rolling, and their popularity reflected upon their promoter, and enriched his pockets. This is the first year I have not been personally connected with these balls, but I am glad to have been the humble means of initiating the addition of a little colour and gaiety to London life."

"You will, no doubt, add a good deal more, Mr. Collins, during your forty years' management of the Lane."

"Forty years! Well, I mean to justify my lease, anyhow," was the confident reply of the clever young manager.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

We are farther from a settlement of the Arthur Gould case than ever we were. The English Rugby Union—that is to say, the International Board—is doubtless fully aware of the blunder it has made, but it refuses to admit it, and, with Wales standing firmly by the position it has taken up, we may take it that Wales will shortly be outlawed. A curious feature of the business now is that Gould is incapacitated, and that it is very doubtful whether he will ever again appear in the field.

However, as the situation now stands, Wales has practically withdrawn from the International Board, a circumstance which of itself puts a stop to the International Rugby championship as a competition for four countries. It is a great pity, of course, and none can say that the Principality is to blame. It is argued, and I think very sensibly, that a little fresh blood in our governing bodies would do a world of good. Autocracy can go no further than it is demonstrated by the English Rugby Union, at least. Take, as an example, simply the Welsh style of four three-quarters. It was as clear as daylight at the start that this was the game for victory; and yet the English Union opposed it, and, to a certain extent, are still opposing it.

The prospect for Rugby football all round is dismal in the extreme. By excluding Wales, which may be regarded as the champion country, we are reducing the International Championship to an unimportant competition with scarcely any significance. I am afraid that many more Yorkshire clubs will, as a result of this deplorable business, withdraw from the English Union and throw in their lot with the Northern.

The first of the International Association matches has taught us a lesson, but I am not certain that it is a very dependable one. England beat Ireland by six to nil, and, though that is a fair margin, I cannot say that the display given was satisfactory. For Ireland to fail was a reasonable contingency; but that England should have played so poorly was no less surprising than that their display should have yielded half-a-dozen goals as against nothing.

As a consequence of this match, a number of new names suggest themselves in view of the fixture with Wales at Sheffield at the close of this month, and of the more important battle with Scotland at the Crystal Palace on April 3. But, as I started by saying, the lesson is not a very dependable one. The men who failed at Nottingham, or rather, the men who did not come up to expectations, are as likely as not to play at their best at the next opportunity.

All the same, I am convinced that the England team needs altering and strengthening. One of the players who should come in is Mr. J. H. Gettins, of Millwall Athletic. Gettins is a robust forward, fast, and powerfully built, who combines the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. He may be a shade inferior to G. O. Smith in the art of generalship, but he possesses one or two qualities which are missing from the old Oxonian. At any rate, Smith, Bloomer, and Wheldon will not do for an inside trio. Not one of the three is a stout man, and, if one quality be essential against such a defence as will be offered by Scotland, it is strength. It is unfortunate that Bassett is doubtful for the Scotland match. The champion outside-right is at present suffering from a strain to the thigh.

Nine persons out of every ten will at once come up with the suggestion that, if Bassett cannot play, then Athersmith must be first choice for England. And yet there was no poorer forward on the English side at Nottingham than the Aston Villan. For my own part, I would prefer Athersmith to any other man, for I do not think that either Mr. R. Topham, the old Wolverhampton Wanderer, or Langham, the Notts County wonder, is better than he.

Less necessary, but certainly desirable, is an alteration in the English defence. Robinson, of Derby County, can scarcely be taken away from goal, seeing how splendidly he performed at Nottingham. For the five other places we have four certain names, which are Crabtree, Mr. Oakley, Needham, and Crawshaw. It matters little whether we have a back or a half for the remaining position, for Crabtree can play either. I should say that grave consideration should be given the claims of Earp of Sheffield Wednesday, Mr. Lodge of the Corinthians, Williams of West Bromwich Albion, and Spencer of Aston Villa.

CRICKET.

Mr. G. H. S. Trott, the famous Australian batsman who captained the last team in England, is reported to have made the remark that he alone had it in his power to win the final test match at the Oval for Australia. Asked how this could be, Trott replied, "Well, instead of winning the toss, I lost it!" There is a world of truth in this. But, then, Trott failed to add that there were many matches that he did win by winning the toss.

ATHLETICS.

Downer and Bredin have been matched again, this time at 440 yards, the race to take place some time in April, probably at the Queen's Club, West Kensington. It will not be forgotten that Downer beat Bredin at 400 yards a little while ago, but it is estimated that the odd 40 yards will make a great deal of difference, and this is probable.

Bredin seems to have the better of this deal. I always think that Downer is giving something away when he runs at any distance other than 220 yards, which is unquestionably his best. However, the match at 440 yards looks very open, for, although this is Bredin's forte, it must

not be forgotten that Downer is a comparatively young man, and Bredin a comparatively old man, and that at the finish it is good odds on the old man cracking up.

Downer's latest achievement was a victory at Newcastle in a 120 yards handicap. The scratch man refused to turn out, asserting that one of the competitors had been too generously treated. Downer had more difficulty in winning his heat than the final, but he just won both, according to the referee, and, in beating the "generously treated" one in the last heat, he accomplished a remarkable performance, for, about thirty yards from home, he looked to have no chance. He must have done a shade better than evens.

BILLIARDS.

The great match between Roberts and Peall has demonstrated clearly enough that there is no greater player in the country than the proprietor of the Billiard Gallery in the Egyptian Hall. Where Roberts shows his superiority is in the gaining of position. No doubt a great deal that is illegal occurs in nursery play, but it is strange that no other player than Roberts can manipulate the close cannons to perfection. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Earl of Coventry will have some difficulty in satisfying all those people who will ask for the entrée to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot this year, as the function on the Heath will, it is expected, beat all records. A friend, who has recently walked the course, informs me that the going will be very good, provided we get a few showers during the month of May. Major Clements has, as usual, been devoting the whole of his time to the track, and he has employed a number of labourers during the winter months.

As I have stated many times before, all scratchings should be telegraphed to the sporting papers as soon as received. Only last week Cariden was supported in the Manchester betting for a race at Warwick, whereas the horse had been struck out of this particular engagement some days previously. It has, up to recently, been a custom in the clubs of some Northern towns to lay a price right out until the numbers go up, but I doubt if backers are so silly as to trade on those terms, after some recent experiences.

The Grand National this year is very likely to be won by a horse ridden by an amateur, as Mr. Campbell will again ride The Soarer, and the Hon. R. Ward is to steer Cathal, a horse that ran very well last year when only half fit. A. Nightingall on Nepeott will have to be reckoned with, and the fact that Mr. J. A. Miller is returning from South Africa to see the horse run shows that the stable connections are confident. Many of the best judges think Norton, who will be ridden by Hickey, has a chance second to none; while others, strange to relate, pin their faith on Daimio, another Australian animal trained in the same stable.

Sir John Blundell Maple, who is doing such good work just now for one of our leading hospitals, is one of the most popular men to be met with on the racecourse. He knows everybody and is known by everybody. Sir Blundell has not met with the best of luck with his racehorses, and many of us would for that reason like to see Yorker victorious at Lincoln. The horse has a chance—that is, if he is not a shy finisher. Sir Blundell, by-the-bye, has done well with his stud at Childwickbury, and he has in Mr. Tom Castle a practical manager.

The departure of Cypria for the Continent, where the old mare will be relegated to the stud, brings to mind her somewhat chequered career. About a month before the 1893 Oaks, old Tom Jennings tried to sell Cypria for a hundred guineas to a Newmarket man, adding that she was sure to make a good hurdle-racer. There was some discussion as to the price, and, as a consequence, no deal resulted. She was entered for the Cesarewitch, got little above six stone, and ran a dead-heat with the second favourite, Red Eyes! Little Pratt, on Jennings's mare, had Tom Loates to beat, and he all but did it, making a reputation that has not since suffered. After that the public were sweet on Cypria for one or two long-distance handicaps, but the nearest she ever came to winning one was when she finished third to Ravensbury and Gleamaway in the Manchester November Handicap. She had, prior to that, been purchased by Mr. Gottschalk, who is reported to have paid over a thousand guineas for her. Subsequently Cypria returned to her old master, and had another cut for the last Cesarewitch. In that race she was tailed off with Vagabond.

The enterprise displayed in getting racing news for the tape machines is a contrast to the system in vogue twenty years back. Now the "Off" is given directly the white flag has fallen, and the winner comes up, as a matter of course, within a minute or two. So far, so good. This is practically the only information required by the clubbites *pro tem.*, but with evening papers the case is different. They cannot be published until the names of the placed horses have been received, and the full result often takes ten minutes in coming. It seems that Post Office red-tapeism decides that so many copies of the full result shall be taken before it is sent out. Thus the delay.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The tragi-comic opera of Crete has certainly given us some richly farcical spectacles of late, and perhaps the funniest of these incongruous episodes has been the rising of Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere from the couches on which they rested after championing King George, the Cecil Rhodes of Greece, to proceed with renewed vigour to the attack on Cecil Rhodes, the King George of South Africa. True, as Mr. Labouchere pointed out, there are no gold-mines in Crete, which appeared to him to make all the difference; but a gain in territory and prestige would be a gold-mine to an insolvent nation with heroic traditions.

The position of the Powers is plain. They do not want to restore Turkish rule in Crete, for it is proved to be intolerable. They do not wish to give Crete to Greece, for that would be the signal for a general game of grab, and the almost inevitable fight over the spoils. They wish to get the Greek troops out of Crete, and devise some working scheme of autonomy, which is rather hard in an island with an unmatched record for purposeless and cruel civil wars. Possibly they may do this—at any rate, it is the only chance of peace. If Greece keeps her grab, Bulgaria, Servia, and the rest will dip into the ethnological chaos called Macedonia, a country of peoples far more mixed than is healthy.

It is all very well to shout for Greece, but the question cannot be solved by sentimentality. If Greece is baulked in Crete, say the Philhellenists, she will set Macedonia alive in revenge; and very possibly they are right. If Greece keeps Crete, say the statesmen, Macedonia will go off by spontaneous combustion; and very probably they are right too. Nothing is more obvious than the abject dread of war felt by the rulers of all the Great Powers. Therefore, nothing is more likely, judging by precedent, than a war. The Crimean War was due largely to zealous peacemakers, and what has been before may be again.

Another curious instance of humanitarian fervour is Olive Schreiner's new book. It is a pity that a genuine touch of genius and a remarkable power of imagination should be wasted on what is really a political pamphlet, and, as such, doomed to be ephemeral. To the creature of impulse who reads the work, Mr. Rhodes will seem an Antichrist, and the Chartered Company several degrees worse than the Spanish Inquisition. The dispassionate observer will remember that the gifted writer and her friends and the gentleman to whom she has given her name, belong to the political party opposed to Mr. Rhodes, and that allegations of cruelty similar to those in the book have been made freely, but not, hitherto, proved. The reader may also remember, perhaps, that the Matabele were never given to mildness of temper, and hardly appreciated it in others, and that, after all allowances have been made for exaggeration, it remains the fact that Mr. Rhodes more than once placed himself in a position where he would have perished had the natives really been maddened by the cruelty of his troopers.

One cannot, perhaps, expect fair play from a literary lady, but it does seem unfair to make an attack on a man and his organisation by name in what is an avowed fiction. No specific allegations are made; there can be neither proof nor disproof, but you have a sort of general atmosphere of atrocity created round Rhodesia. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was an attack on the institution of slavery, not on a company or a man; and even then the particular atrocities recounted in its pages were paralleled by real instances collected from judicial records.

And the practice of bringing sacred personages into modern fiction is not one to be encouraged. What is reverently and poetically done by the writer of "The Story of an African Farm" will be coarsely and crudely done by party scribblers, and we shall have the holiest of names made common and hateful in the mouth of the politician. We have had enough of Irish priests, English clergymen, Welsh ministers, making their sacred office a mere election agency. We do not want our talented writers to imitate the methods of the pestilent priests who proclaim it perdition to oppose their political views.

And then the work itself is doomed to be ephemeral. If the charges it makes or implies can be proved, it is superfluous; if not, it is slander. In any case, the events to which it refers are over, and interest in them will soon abate. The question now at issue is between Rhodes and the Boers; and the latter have never been tender to the natives. By the way, if the Olive Schreiner doctrines be true, how comes it that the native revolt is not confined to Chartered Company territories, but has spread to parts where Rhodes never ruled, and which (if I remember rightly) were not originally conquered by force of arms?

A keen razor is not the tool to cut blocks with, nor is a poetical imagination exactly the weapon for political conflicts. Mr. Labouchere is quite good enough to denounce the Chartered Company. Olive Schreiner, or even Cronwright-Schreiner, is much too good for such work. It is emphatically not desirable to be hailed as an Evangelist by a halfpenny paper.

Olive, the *Star* cannot resist
Appointing you Evangelist;
The post of Prophet is, you know,
Already filled by Captain Coo. MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In a much too sophisticated world the guileless man is a valley of rest and refreshment. In such a vale have I reposed for the last hour with real delight, and I now hasten to make known its name and whereabouts for the benefit of others. It is called "History in Fact and Fiction," with the sub-title of "A Literary Sketch," and the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning is the generous owner who throws it open to our tired minds and bodies. To stop the metaphor of the vale, an inconvenient one, and talk, more or less accurately, of Mr. Canning's production as a book, it is delightful reading. Though I am not sure what it is all about, I think it is an attempt to survey mankind from China to Peru, by a gentleman of leisure who has the audacity to believe that sometimes the aid of fiction is valuable in the setting out of fact. I feel certain that at this moment Mr. Canning feels nervously apprehensive lest he may have been betrayed, by his eager flights of thought and imagination, into incautious and extravagant assertions. And no wonder. For he holds that the meritorious dramatists of the present day hardly equal Shakspeare; he has come to the conclusion that, since Shakspeare made up his mind to delineate timid and inferior personages, he was really obliged to put characteristically timid and inferior words into their mouths; likewise he leans to the subversive opinion that dramatic genius has once or twice been proved to be "comparatively independent of educational enlightenment"; again, that Mr. Parnell had "considerable influence with many energetic Irishmen." Let us hope he may be able to sustain bravely these bold assertions when they are called in question. His concluding dictum does, indeed, invite controversy, that the "British name was, perhaps, never so generally respected or honoured as at the end of this century."

The enterprising new publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, has issued the first volume of a new annual, "Politics in 1896." The plan is well carried out, and the book is the more useful that nothing has been done "to prevent points of difference between the individual contributors, or the overlapping of their subjects." Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. H. W. Massingham, and Mr. Bernard Shaw write the retrospects of the year from the Conservative, the Liberal, and the Socialist points of view respectively; while subjects like Foreign Affairs, The Services, The United States, and London have received careful treatment by specialists. The annual deserves success, and will serve more than a temporary purpose.

From the pages of the *North Wills Herald*, in which it appeared in 1867, Miss Grace Toplis has collected Richard Jefferies' boyish book, "The History of Swindon and its Environs." Jefferies' collectors will be glad to possess it, and though the editor is very far from vouching for its accuracy, it has a strong local interest. He had not attained to great literary skill in 1867; but no apology is needed for it on this score; it is quite as good as much of his more ornate later work. The preface, it must be said, does Jefferies' memory no good in the eyes of such as know his work intimately. "Foremost among modern prophets who have had to realise its bitterness (that of the prophet's lack of honour in his own country) stands Richard Jefferies"—so writes Miss Toplis. But he was no prophet, not even a great writer, though occasionally a charming one; and to talk of "his niche in the Campo Santo of English Literature" is to cause many to blaspheme. Then, to say that his real appreciators are the Cockneys is to make a damaging admission; but on that subject Mr. Quiller-Couch has already been heard.

An anonymous poet, or rather, one who only signs initials, presumably young, sends out, through Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, an eight-page "Threnody on the Death of William Morris." It limps uneasily after its classical models at the start, but gains heart and strength by the second stanza, and in the lines—

... thou hast swelled
The very rose of Time, and shed
The lost luxuriance of the dead
On these dim-sensed days,

even reaches individuality. By the end the rigidity of the pattern is nearly gone—

But lo! the wain awaits us at the door.
Come in, strong men, come in; this strong man take,
This strong, whole-hearted son of earth restore
To earth his mother. For his manhood's sake,
Away with pomp!

No doubt we shall see the threnody included in a volume of pleasing poems before long, for "R. N. T." is promising.

The Bodley Head edition of "The Compleat Angler" is now ready in a very handsome and very pleasing volume. Its outward characteristics strike the eye, and it is no reflection on the editing to say that the book will owe its success to these. The illustrator is Mr. New, a follower of the Birmingham school, and his first purpose has been to show the topographical interest of the book. The routes described by Walton, from Tottenham to Ware, and by Cotton, from Brailford to his seat at Beresford Hall, as well as places connected with the lives of the authors, are fully illustrated in strong, clear, I will not say always beautiful, line drawings. Whatever their artistic merit, they have character; and they are made to compose admirably with the print and with the arrangement of the pages. It does not seem likely that the editor, Mr. Le Gallienne, writes as a fishing enthusiast and expert; but he is a Walton enthusiast, like many an indoor student before him, and his Introduction, an excellent summary of biographical and bibliographical knowledge on both the authors, is also a judicious criticism, and a pleasant, sympathetic bit of conversational writing. o. o.

ECHEGARAY'S "MARIANA," AT THE COURT.

José Echegaray is certainly the ablest of living Spanish dramatists, and in many ways a really remarkable man. He was born in 1832, and his first play was not produced until he was forty-two years old. Up to that time he had been known as an authority on engineering, geology, and



MR. EDWARD O'NEILL.

Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

political economy, as an orator of considerable ability, but, above all, as a distinguished mathematician and lecturer at the Escuela de Caminos at Madrid, and the author of several mathematical treatises which are standard works of their kind. Echegaray took an active part in the revolution of 1868, was made Colonial Minister in the new Government, and had to escape for his life in 1873. It was during a period of enforced idleness in Paris that he wrote his first play, and on his return to Madrid, in 1874, "El Libro Talonario" was produced. It was not, however, until 1875, when "En el Puño de la Espada" was put on the stage, that Echegaray's name came prominently before the public. Since that time he has written in all between fifty and sixty plays, sometimes as many as four within a year. "The Great Galeoto," "Folly for Saintliness," "The Son of Don Juan," and "Mariana," four of Echegaray's most characteristic productions, are available in English translations. And now the last has been staged in London.

Echegaray is not a great dramatist: his methods and technique are often absurdly crude and antiquated; but he has done much to bring Spanish thought into touch with the burning problems of the outside world, and his work is always interesting, never dull or commonplace.

Mariana was a creature intended by nature for happiness, but destiny was hostile. A creature full of life, and longing for the joy of it, she endured from her earliest moments little save terror and suffering. Her father neglected her and his wife; her mother fled from sunny Spain to gloomy London with a lover, and took with her Mariana, then but seven years old. Alvarado, the lover, was even worse than the father, and ill-treatment and insult drove the erring woman to an early grave. An old friend found Mariana starving, and took her back to her father's house, where she lived unloved till her marriage by proxy with a wealthy Cuban, who ere she reached the island died in a duel fought about a ballet-girl.

Mariana found herself a wealthy, beautiful maiden-widow, with a heart hardened by the world's ill-treatment. She set to work to amuse herself by playing with love and suitors. Her natural coquettishness was intensified by a feeling of cruel pleasure in torturing. Two men did most of the suffering. Don Pablo was one, a stern, taciturn widower, who, on a cause of jealousy, had killed his first wife; he loved Mariana fiercely, yet seemed tranquil. The other suitor was Daniel, a volcanic young man, as fiery in his passion as the storms of his native land—a creature daily racing up and down the whole gamut of love. Both the men suffered keenly, Daniel, the weaker man, more than his rival.

However, one day, to her surprise, Mariana found that Daniel, by beating at her heart, had awakened it. At first she distrusted her feelings, then grew frightened by them, and tried desperately to hold them in check; but, in the end, they mastered her. The poor creature was within a hand's-breadth of happiness, nature had asserted herself, destiny seemed defeated, when, without a moment's warning, came a catastrophe. Accident told her that Daniel was son of the Alvarado who ruined, one might say murdered, her mother! To her horror and her disgust she found that knowledge of this did not kill her love. Fearing her weakness, resolved to put a barrier between herself and Daniel, she married Don Pablo, casting Daniel aside pitilessly before her friends.

Now, Daniel had sworn that no other man should mate her, and late on her wedding-day he came to her a gloomy figure of love and vengeance. Her love easily burst the weak bonds she had put upon it. For a few minutes the lovers were happy, and she agreed to fly with him. Indeed, she actually put on her cloak, but Daniel, in urging her to hasten, used words that brought to her mind vividly the image of her mother's fatal elopement with Daniel's father, and her love was paralysed. She refused to go; he tried to drag her away. She shrieked for her husband, and when he entered she told him that she loved Daniel, and was flying with him. Then Don Pablo, as he had threatened and promised, drew his revolver and shot her with unerring aim.

Miss Robins as Mariana gave real individuality to the part, though perhaps not such as Echegaray contemplated; some of her scenes were exquisitely handled, and in all she showed herself an admirable, interesting actress. Charming work was done by Miss Sitgreaves, Miss Mary Keegan and Mr. Martin Harvey acted cleverly, and very able performances were given by Mr. Edward O'Neill and Mr. Hermann Vezin.

Mr. H. B. Irving also showed considerable power, perhaps somewhat extravagantly used.

Mr. Edward O'Neill, who has been Amiel in "The Sorrows of Satan," the villain of "The Free Pardon," at the Olympic, and Don Pablo in "Mariana," within a few weeks, made his first appearance in London at the Opéra Comique in "On 'Change," playing several parts in that piece, and then went to the Lane for "Human Nature." After touring in a Shaksperian repertoire, and later on as Romeo, Orlando, Shylock, Claude Melnotte, Ruy Blas, and other parts, as well as in most of the old English comedies, he returned to Drury Lane for "The Run of Luck." Then came a tour in the provinces in "The Pointsman," from which he returned to play Mr. Willard's part at the Olympic. Having joined Miss Kate Vaughan's repertoire company, playing in "The Country Girl," "The School for Scandal," &c., he went on tour with Mr. Bronson Howard, and then had a short season at the Strand with Miss Atherton in "Cousin Kate." Seasons in Glasgow and Edinburgh were followed by a tour as Armand Duval, Maurice de Saxe, and in the dual rôle in "The Corsican Brothers," after which he played the heavy part in "The Cotton King" at the Adelphi, and then went to the Duke of York's for "The County Councillor." Then Mr. O'Neill took out a repertoire company, and, later, toured with a drama, returning for "Tommy Atkins" at the Duke of York's, and then for "True Blue" at the Olympic. Last season he was at Drury Lane, and there gave a very good account of himself in "The Duchess of Coolgardie" and "The Kiss of Delilah." He is an Anglo-Indian, having been born at Sholapur, where the famine is now raging. He spent many years of his life out there, as his father was holding a command in various stations in the Bombay Presidency, and all his sympathies are now, as they were then, with the "red-coats." He was to have been a soldier; but circumstances alter many lives, and, as it was willed he should not follow in the footsteps of his father, he went to Lloyd's. However, he was soon sick of the City, and, always having had a great love for dramatic work, he turned his attention stagewards.

It is rather curious that of the four ladies in "Mariana" only one is English. Miss Robins is an American, Miss Mary Keegan is a Canadian, and Miss Beverley Sitgreaves is an American. Miss Keegan, the Doña Luisa in "Mariana," is a Canadian, born in Hamilton, Ontario, her father being the late George W. Keegan, a prominent barrister, and she was educated at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, near Montreal, the Order under which Madame Albani and Miss Mary Anderson received their education. From her earliest childhood she had the strongest desire to go on the stage, and, when it became necessary for her to earn her own living, it was most natural that she should turn to the profession, though she adopted it very much against the wish of her family. In 1889 Miss Keegan came East for the benefit of her education, and, while in Paris, lived with M. and Madame Auginière, well-known artists, and was the subject of several of their most successful pictures. While there she tried her hand at painting, but at last her friends were convinced that all her talents were histrionic, and, obtaining a reluctant consent from her mother, she came at once to London, though she left again almost at once to enter that best of all provincial schools, Miss Sarah Thorne's stock company at Margate. There she worked hard, and step by step she advanced until she found herself the leading lady of the company, and in '92 made her first appearance in London, at the Royalty Theatre. There she scored a great success as Judith Shakspeare, and then went to the Globe, and from there to the Adelphi for "The Lost Paradise," in which she played the *ingénue* rôle of Polly Fletcher, and later on made a hit as Margaret Knowlton. Then she was called home on a visit, and while on the other side played Juliet at a benefit performance with great success. Since her return she has done some good work, especially with the Independent Theatre, of which she is a very enthusiastic supporter. Recently she has been touring as Olive in "The Benefit of the Doubt."



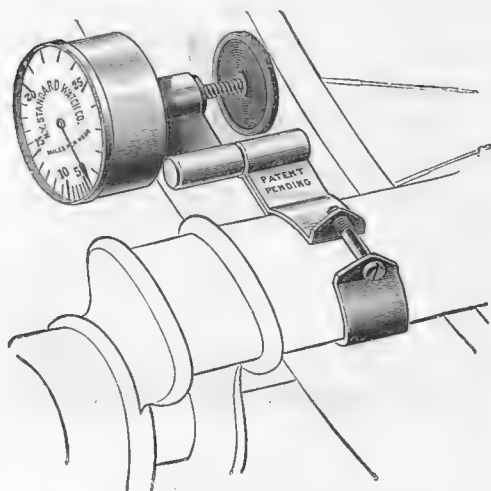
MISS MARY KEEGAN AS JUDITH SHAKSPERE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The term "Society on Wheels" is generally understood to refer to the wheels of the bicycle, but Society now seems inclined to adopt another mode of travelling on wheels, namely, on what is known as the road-skate, for want of a better title. My readers will, no doubt, remember the great boom that started some years ago, when rinking was all the fashion. Since those days there have been many improvements in these so-called skates, but it has been left to the Ritter Road-Skate Company to produce the present perfect model. The Ritter Road-Skates are little gems of machinery, beautifully finished, and would compare favourably with the highest grade bicycle. It only requires a few of the leading "Stars of Society" to take up this exhilarating fashion of skimming over the ground to ensure a rush after this new method of travelling. It is often asked if people with weak ankles can use these skates. I can answer safely in the affirmative. The hinged splint on each side of the leg supports the ankle most perfectly. With very little practice, it is possible to obtain a speed of fourteen miles an hour, which may be considered a fair rate of travelling for a bicycle. I intend soon to make a short tour on these wheels, and thus practically test their utility for travelling purposes. I can see no reason why, on fairly smooth roads, they should not answer perfectly.

The number of cycle accessories and patents connected therewith is something enormous. This was brought vividly before me when I called to see Mr. Gamage at his emporium, of sporting and other novelties in Holborn last week. There are few novelties indeed that



THE STANDARD TACHOMETER.

do not come under Mr. Gamage's notice, and he leaves no stone unturned to secure the best patents as they come out. I was lucky to catch him the day after his return from America, where he had gone in search of fresh novelties. My inquiries as to what new things he had brought back were met by his pointing to several cases of objects, piles of catalogues, and so on. "I have had no time as yet to sort out these things, only having got back last night," he said. "What is this?" I queried. "Oh, that's the automatic bicycle-balance, which prevents all wobbling of the wheel, and enables the rider to pedal without holding the handle-bars. It steadies the bicycle, and greatly increases the pleasure of riding. These," he added, "are mostly cyclometers and tachometers," showing various improvements. Space will not allow of my giving a full description of all these useful little adjuncts to the pleasures of cycling. I confine myself this week to a sketch of the Standard Tachometer, or speed-indicator. It is an instrument that indicates minute variations in the speed of the bicycle. No road-cyclist should be without this speed-indicator. It is attached to the right-hand fork by a neat clasp, and can be swung in or out of position while riding. A small wheel is brought into contact with the centre of the tyre; this wheel operates a hand on a dial, which shows the rate of speed one is travelling at in miles per hour. If, for instance, it is twenty miles to his destination, and he pedals fast enough to hold the hand at the twenty-mile mark, he will reach his destination in exactly one hour. It is both a pleasure and aid to the rider to see the various changes in speed, and is the best timekeeper going. Those of my readers who invest in this excellent little instrument, which weighs only two ounces and a half, and can be bought for a few shillings, will, I feel confident, thank me for adding another pleasure to their daily rides. It can be obtained at Mr. Gamage's establishment, 118, Holborn.

In reply to several inquiries as to where the folding bicycle-basket, of which a sketch appeared some time back in these columns, may be obtained, I may mention that Mr. Gamage hopes soon to be able to supply it.

It is a great pity that Olympia should have opened its doors to the public before the furniture and exhibits had arrived. A more dismal spectacle I have never witnessed than the bare and empty stalls that greeted me on my tour of inspection. The official programme announced that an International Cycling and Motor-Car Exhibition was to be held, but, with the exception of about half-a-dozen stalls which showed signs of life, the look of the place was dull in the extreme. I searched diligently for a motor-car high and low, but without success. In the arena some racing took place, after the fashion of the Aquarium, but the monotony of seeing the same men and women pedalling round and round soon palls on anyone not having an interest in the performers. As I had not paid for admittance, I could not claim any money back; but I grudged exceedingly the waste of time enforced on me, and made many mental vows for the future.

I hear that the Hurlingham Club, which has been open all through the winter to cyclists, will be closed on March 7, and will reopen for the season on April 5.

A few weeks ago, in mentioning the proposed road over the Sty Head Pass, I stated that the steepest gradient was not to exceed one in eighteen. I have since learned that this was a mistake. The entire length of road is seven and a-half miles, and for six miles of this distance the gradient will not be more than about one in twenty; but, for the space of a furlong or so, it will be as steep as one in eight and a half. This, of course, will be much too steep to ride; but, considering the Pass is some twelve hundred feet above sea-level, a certain amount of severe climbing is to be expected.

Considering the wonderful popularity which the cycle has achieved, it is really wonderful that we hear of so few serious accidents; and, when a fatality does unfortunately occur, it is inevitable that the anti-cyclists, who form a constantly decreasing minority, should make the most of it. All, whether lovers of the wheel or not, must have read with the deepest regret of the sad mishap by which Professor Wallace of Oxford met with his death. The exact particulars of the lamentable affair we may never know; it may have been through no lack of skill or judgment on the part of the rider, but only one of those unfortunate accidents which fall to the lot of the most experienced.

I hear that the Colonial Secretary's wife, Mrs. Chamberlain, and her step-daughters are devoted cyclists. I hear also that Mr. A. W. Pinero is a capital rider, and that his wife also occasionally mounts the wheel.

Cycling at Cairo has become such a favourite pastime that the inhabitants are laying down a cycling-track. Can it be true that the wooden bicycle on which Blondin rode over Niagara Falls on a rope was sold for only two francs? I hear that a French paper alone is responsible for this wonderful piece of news.

I came across the following amusing statement with regard to cycling in Japan. It appears that in that country the price of a machine varies in an inverse ratio to its speed; thus, for a ten-mile bicycle you may pay five pounds, but for a fifteen-mile perhaps twelve pounds.

Can anybody tell me what are the special advantages of the motor-bicycle? A three-wheeled cycle driven by a motor I can understand, but until Tuesday last, when I saw this weird machine carrying an anxious lady down Piccadilly, I did not know such a thing as a motor-bike existed. To the passing stranger it seemed to combine all the instability of the bicycle with the ungrateful odour of the motor-car, and to lack all the advantages of either. The fair passenger sat with her feet on a rest and her hands on the steering-lever, and appeared very conscious of the attention her conveyance attracted. It struck me that human ingenuity had succeeded in contriving a machine calculated to blend the maximum of inconvenience with the minimum of exercise.



A MITE OF A CYCLIST.

Photo by R. Pratchett and Co., Bristol.

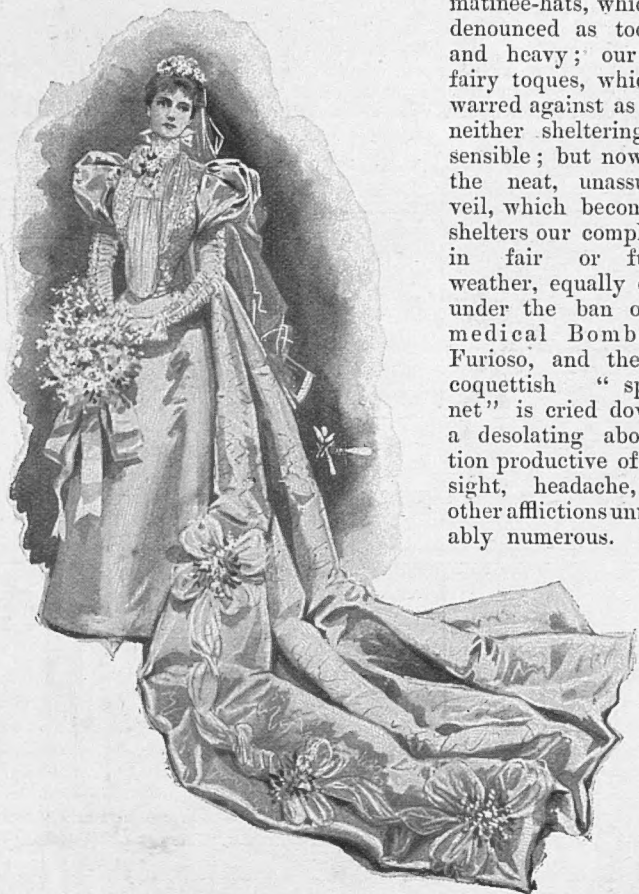
The little lady shown here a-wheel is riding what is probably the smallest bicycle in the world. It weighs only 9½ lb., and the height of wheels is 12 in.; the age of rider is 2½ years.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ON DRESS TO EXTINCTION.

The harmless necessary doctor, so dear and indispensable to the feminine fancy generally, is fast changing his orthodox rôle of the pleasant and paternal family friend for that of the splenetic spoil-sport; for not only does the newly developed apostle of hygiene hurl distressing technical thunders against our corsets, our Louis Quinze heels, our deeply dyed

hosiery, our heavy matinée-hats, which are denounced as too hot and heavy; our airy, fairy toques, which are warred against as being neither sheltering nor sensible; but now even the neat, unassuming veil, which becomingly shelters our complexion in fair or furious weather, equally comes under the ban of the medical Bombastes Furioso, and the coy, coquettish "spotted net" is cried down as a desolating abomination productive of weak sight, headache, and other afflictions unnameably numerous. What



MISS MAUDE MILLETT'S WEDDING-DRESS.

these latter-day medicos would leave us if they could, who can tell? And what a horror the uncorseted, ungartered, flat-soled ideal of their theories would be! Better a year of daintily equipped life surely than an unsought, unfriended, melancholy slow cycle of dowdiness. "Enough! The veil is, was, and shall be, as long as a highly finished exterior is thought good among fair women, and the professors may eulogise the practical as against the pretty until they are worn out in the cause; but neither shall their complainings avail them.

Wedding-veils, by an appropriate transition from this homily, occupy my next paragraph, and this illustration denotes the extremely alluring arrangement in bridal finery which Miss Maude Millett wore on her marriage morning. The front, made very simply of plain white satin, was joined at the back by a long train of moiré velours, arranged in Watteau folds, and bordered with a thick soft bouillonnée of white mousseline-de-soie, bunches of lilac and orange-blossom holding a drapery of the same soft material in place. The popular fashion of replacing grown-up bridesmaids by the, if possible, more picturesque and irresponsible tiny mites was followed, and a brace of engaging girl children (cousin and half-sister), "supported" the bride, and shared in the reflected public admiration with extreme satisfaction. Their charming little frocks of white mousseline-de-soie over pink silk were kept in countenance and colour by daintily tied posies of pink anemones mixed with lily-of-the-valley, each small girl wearing a sapphire and pearl fly-brooch, as the bridegroom's *gage d'amitié*. Further and lastly must I add about their picture-hats of white mousseline-de-soie, prettily embroidered and decked with nodding white plumes—the ideal headgear of infancy, in fact. For the wedding and going-away gown Madame Humble, of Conduit Street, was responsible.

The chain of events leads very much to trains and "train teas" this week, so much so that, were I to duly chronicle all the gossip conveyed and experienced of Drawing-Room Day and its frocks, I could fill these columns thrice over with news of plumes and presentations and other paramount matters to the actors therein, though perhaps not to the world generally. Being myself, if not lazy, still inclined to the easy ways of enjoyment, out of six afternoon tea-times on Wednesday I choose one only, which seemed to me best, and enjoyed it beyond a doubt as much, and much more, as the half-dozen five minutes in half-a-dozen different houses which more energetic persons allowed themselves. "The habit of the world," as someone has wittily called it, is apt, like other over-indulged little weaknesses, to become a very

masterful passion indeed, as witness the case of one very well known old lady aged eighty whom I met on Wednesday in Lennox Gardens, just alighting at the door of her fifth train tea-party.

Mrs. Cunninghame-Grahame had a gathering in Sloane Gardens, and her dress was decidedly one of the most beautiful of the whole six hundred-odd which passed through the Throne-Room; the whole skirt made entirely of beautiful lace, with a *chic* little ceinture of bright-green veloutine, which was thrown into excellent relief by the long, rich folds of a train in eau-de-Nil moiré velours, cleverly arranged to make a butterfly effect at the shoulders.

Lady Hart's Drawing-Room tea was also extremely pleasant. No less than seven trains figured at length in the pretty drawing-room, while diplomatic uniforms contributed to the enlivenment of a very fully attended party. Lady Hart wore grey satin, the front finely embroidered with steel sequins, vivid touches of brilliant crimson velvet lighting up the whole with admirable results. Mrs. Beauclerk was in white satin, her train lined with a delicate and delightful shade of rose-pink; Mrs. Bruce Hart all in white, as was Miss Hart; Miss Kerron Birney in the same snowy tones, with an over-dress of Venetian point and festoons of many-hued roses, added one other to the bevy assembled in Cadogan Place.

Countess Levenhaupt was dressed by Madame Frédéric, of Lower Grosvenor Place, and very successfully, in a thick white satin duchesse covered with point d'Alençon and embroidered with diamonds and pearls. The train, arranged with good effect, was fastened on one shoulder, and lined with ciel-blue satin. So many white frocks had, in fact, seldom been seen together at one Drawing Room, outside the débutantes' ranks, of course. Lady Elcho also figured in that colour, her white satin arranged Empire fashion, and smothered in lovely old lace. A grey brocade train, with tulips in natural tones scattered over it, was a feast of delicate colour. Lady Rivers Wilson's graceful figure was well shown off by her Princess gown of silvery grey, which contrasted harmoniously with a train of pink mirror velvet, shaped so picturesquely, like an old sixteenth-century Venetian mantle. I ought to spare a word for Lady Jessel's early Victorian frock, covered with fine lace, on which amethysts and silver paillettes were thickly sewn, also one of Frédéric's masterpieces; but the number of smart frocks each crying out for admiration on its own particular merits is too overpowering to go any further. Apropos of the Princess dress, which is slowly forcing its way into favour and fashion, quite the most charming and utterly seductive example I have ever seen was worn at a little dinner given at the Prince's Restaurant some evenings since by a smart little American, who has lately got very much into "the set," aided no less by her tact and pretty manners than by a purse of powers most potential.

At the Prince's Skating Club I was later on again at close quarters with my ideal Princess robe, which briefly describes itself as being, in the first place, of pale-cream alpaca, very silky in texture; the skirt formed three pleats at the back, and a tight-fitting bodice opened in a large V, which was filled up with pleated silk muslin over light-green silk back and front. Loops of fancy ribbon trimmed neck, wrists, and about the wide V, breaking the contact of materials very skilfully. As for the way it fitted at waist and over hips, it was simply a miracle of smart dressmaking. The *chic* little wearer, with high-looped hair and her Parisian air, altogether might have been poured into this veritable model of form.

Apropos des bottes, it is funny to find the City rising up against fashion, and merchants declaring that their warehouses cannot accommodate the height and width and breadth of modish manners in hats. Yet this absurd thing has actually come to pass, and several eminent factors in the world of straw hats refused to supply "Home and Colonials" with some frantic evolutions of the jam-pot crown of late last autumn, asserting that a dozen of these monstrous crowns and brims occupy the space usually allotted to six times that quantity when fashions more nearly approach the sane and



MISS MILLETT'S TRAVELLING-DRESS.

sensible. All the same, there is an element of comicality in the thought that blunt and unromantic City fathers have taken it upon their unpromising selves to dictate the "to be or not to be" of woman's whimsicalities. It seems to transport us back to the time when the height of ruff and the richness of farthingale was regulated by the social powers that were, with this difference, however, that now our vetoes come from the other end of the ladder and the town.

Wednesday, for some particular and not apparent reason, was the evening fixed for two big balls in town and three of those meritorious but less thrillingly attractive functions known as "subscription dances." From the frock point of view, nothing startlingly original proclaimed itself at any. Long sleeves of chiffon were extensively worn—but that is an old sartorial story. Elaborate and much-betrimmed skirts are not so, however—at least, with our conservative selves on this side of the Channel. So I laid to heart a little group of three gowns, one seen at the Primrose function, another at the Cecil Hotel festivity, and a third at West (oh, so West!) Kensington—the first, *en Princesse*, with three very rampant frills of silk surrounding the light yellow of its skirt. Fancy this recrudescence of flounces, as illustrated, by all the fat women one knows in the coming summer. Terrible! However, this particular wearer was slim, and carried off her new fashions acceptably. The second dress, flounced to the waist with narrow black chiffon edged with pale-blue bébé-ribbon over mauve satin, was again very much *à la*, even *avant la mode*. As for my third and farther West notability, an accordion-pleated white mousseline in very wide pleats, with a short drapery reaching to the knee at left side, bodice *en suite*, trimmed with a rever on one side, and a spray of green orchids on the other, was smarter to look at than to read of, the short over-skirt, if it may be so called, being a picturesque forerunner of the voluminous double-barrelled skirt to which we are, in less persuasive materials, undoubtedly doomed.

Vice the unblushingly brass muff-chain, deposed as retailed at eighteenpence and thereabouts, the smart woman has, in natural contradistinction to the cheaply bejewelled young person of nowhere in particular, at last begun to adopt another mode of carrying her muff. A band of half-inch black velvet-ribbon, with two jewelled buckles, one at each side, where the ribbon joins, will, in its turn, be distinguished until imitated, and some of the ultra-smart are now keeping their gold chains for indoor wear and adopting the black velvet string for out of doors.

Now that capes have at last climbed down from their long-continued premier place in our affections, the ways of the forthcoming jacket are manifold. One of the latest forms is a combination of both styles called the "Mantilla." It is really a sort of modified fichu arrangement, with short shoulder-cape and tight fittings back and front, which are continued in lapels below the waist. A form of covering this which has few allurements, for, while concealing the figure, it is neither smart nor simple. It is, however, "a change," and that at least, in the language of a newly made but not inconsolable widower, "has its compensations." Now about my remaining illustrations. I hope this black bengaline, profusely ornamented, as is made plain to the naked eye, with jet, steel, and an abundance of passementerie, recommends itself to the up-to-date eye, which is being gradually educated up to the acceptance of the highly ornate skirt. Descriptively, the technical erection of this masterpiece is as follows. A round skirt, with the now inevitable apron cut into three strips, joined up by insertions of steel and jet spangles. Elaborate designs are, furthermore, embroidered on the bengaline, which points to a very effulgent and expensive future indeed if these ornamental details become popular. Tight sleeves, the under half of black lace over satin, are a feature of this frock, though to me a somewhat meaningless innovation. This draped skirt of green-coloured cachemire, over an under-skirt of velvet in deeper colouring, having mauve orchid embroideries on the hem, is a revived and charming version of the classic skirt brought high over the hips at left side. The bodice is very becoming. It opens in a heart-shape over a vest of pale-green moiré, embroidered with spangles and mauve beads. As is *en règle*, the folded neckband is fussed up very high at back. Butterfly-bow sleeves like these are not extremely original, but it is hard to evolve a great effect in little space. And our sleeves are almost daily contracting themselves.

The *House* is the name of the latest magazine. It is described as "an artistic monthly for those who manage and beautify the home," and, coming as it does from the offices of the *Queen*, it is launched with experience. The first number deals with a great variety of subjects.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. CLOGHEEN.—So glad you like my cookery tips. How does this strike you as an uncommon and toothsome way of serving the succulent banana? Take a dozen large and quite fresh baked bananas; split them up neatly in halves; lay in a pie-dish, to which one half-pound of lump-sugar dissolved in sufficient water to cover them has been added. Set the dish in the oven. (Cook quite slowly for one hour. Then boil in a pipkin two small wineglasses of rum and a dessert-spoonful of port, together with an inch of cinnamon, three or four cloves, and a morsel of grated nutmeg; pour this spicy mixture over the bananas, replace in the oven, and leave in for a further fifteen minutes. When cold, each strip of the fruit should be glacé, but less sugar and rum can be used if preferred. The dish should be set to freeze, if possible, after having left the oven. Another way of treating this excellent fruit is to cut each into half-inch thick cubes, set in a glass dish, scatter over a very little castor sugar and a little Benedictine or Chartreuse. Half a pint of cream whisked very thick is then piled up over a custard previously poured on the fruit. This is a dish for the gourmet when the flavours are well mixed.

DISTRESSED DAMSEL (Dublin).—(1) There is an old saying that a bushel of March dust is worth a peck of gold. But that sentiment is a purely agricultural one, and does not apply to complexions, which, as you justly remark, are dried up to withering point by the east winds which so faithfully visit your part of the world. My first advice is, never use soap with your face; but if, as you say, you cannot feel clean without it, the most useful and harmless of any I find to be Calvert's carbolic glycerine. (2) No; green and blue is no longer a



HIP DRAPERIES AGAIN.

BLACK BENGALINE AFTERNOON-DRESS.

fashionable combination. Mauve and blue has entirely ousted the former mixture.

MIGNON.—(1) The ways of the dinner-giver are indeed devious, and your friend with her imported glowworms doubtless had the joy of feeling she had done something quite new. For your birthday party I think the name spelled in pink anemones and Neapolitan violets would be pretty and pleasing to your guest. Osler has letters of cut-glass and ormolu, his favourite and famous combination. These letters can be arranged in charming devices, but Oslers are constantly bringing out decorative novelties, and, if you could spare the time to run over to Oxford Street before your festivity comes off, it would be quite an enlightenment on the subject. (2) If the case is worth it, I should get Westminster chimes put in. I do not like them in a sitting-room, but they sound very pleasantly in a large, square hall.

GOING SOUTH.—(1) You are late for that. This is the first day of Lent, remember, but, of course, you would come in for the Mi-Carême, which is probably what you mean. (2) Plenty of blouses is an essential item; but, then, the patchwork of skirt and bodice has, to a great extent, gone out. SYBIL.

Mr. Edward Compton will produce on Friday next, at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, a play called "Henry Esmond," being an adaptation by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton of Thackeray's novel.

The North London Rifle Club dined at the Holborn Restaurant last week, Sir G. Higginson, K.C.B. (Vice-President) in the chair, and presented Mr. W. J. A. Burton, in recognition of his services as hon. secretary for five years, with a solid silver tea-service, together with an address. The service was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on March 10.

THE ACCOUNT.

The markets having been dominated during the past Account by Eastern Affairs, a general decline was exhibited by the Making-up List. Towards the end of the Account, however, a more hopeful view of the position sprang up, so that prices recovered somewhat from the lowest points touched. The heaviest depreciation naturally took place in those securities more immediately associated with the Eastern Question, and we find that Greek Monopoly fell as much as 4 points, and the other loans 2 points. Turkish Issues and Bulgarians were also carried over at lower rates. Indian Railways fell away considerably during the Account, Great Indian Peninsula dropping as many as 8 points. Home Rails were also carried over lower, but in some instances the losses were not so large as they appeared to be, owing to some of the stocks being quoted *ex-dividend*. Mining shares showed a decline all round, the falls, however, being more pronounced in South African descriptions.

DEFAULTING STATES AND THEIR CREDITORS.

We are by no means enamoured of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, but the position of the Council of that Corporation has been strengthened rather than otherwise by the fatuous character of the attack made upon it at the meeting on Thursday last. The title of the company is the Corporation of *Foreign Bondholders*, and it would be a great pity if the title were, in effect, to be altered to "The Corporation of Shareholders interested in the Profits derived from Negotiations with Defaulting States." Outsiders are perhaps hardly competent to judge as to the weight of the reasons which lead the Council to throw its influence into the scale when a discussion arises as to the acceptance or rejection of any particular scheme. It is unnecessary to discuss that matter in detail; but we may be allowed to put a few questions which we think will be recognised to be pertinent. If the fees are "merely nominal," as they are described to be in the Corporation's official rejoinder to its critics, why are the members so tenacious in holding their positions? Is it pure philanthropy, diluted by the receipt of the nominal fee? If the agitation had emanated from bondholders, it would have been easier to understand it, and we should have been more inclined to give it our support. But, so far as we can gather, it comes from the certificate-holders, and this leads to the question why these should be desirous of representation on the Council. In one form or another, the Council has enormous power. Sometimes it exercises that power wisely, sometimes it does not; but, as regards the broader questions involved, it is not a flattering testimonial to the general confidence in the administration of the Corporation's business that, on a poll, the motion to reject the Report and Accounts was defeated by a majority of only 34 on a total poll of 278.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINING.

But for the fact that all things in the Mining Market have been as dead as the proverbial door-nail, there would have been launched before now several British Columbian Mining companies; but, as things are at present, underwriting is next-door to impossible, and promoters are very chary of risking the expenses of issue. We hear of one promising



MINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

company which, with a strong Board, is going to make its appearance in a few days, and, no doubt, should the public respond, several others will follow at short intervals. Those of our readers who have read the series of letters that we have lately published from the mining camps of the great North-West will be able to estimate their chances of success with reasonable accuracy.

FINANCIAL RAGS.

As times get duller and duller the financial tout gets more pressing in his endeavours to palm off worthless shares upon the confiding investor. The *modus operandi* is very simple, and given a little capital, or even a little credit, generally proves remunerative, we fear. The basis of the whole thing is a financial rag—called by courtesy a paper—which the enterprising tout prints and circulates through the post to all sorts and conditions of people, free, gratis, and all for nothing.

This week three of these so-called newspapers have been sent to us, and two to other people residing in the same house. Most of these rags have high-sounding titles, they are always "entered at Stationers' Hall," and an advertisement or two, probably not paid for, of hotels, table-waters, pills, and suchlike things are printed on the first and last sheets to give the whole thing a genuine look. The contents consist of some general and harmless rubbish upon the Stock Exchange and the markets in general, always ending with gushing reports of meetings of industrial or mining companies, and recommendations to buy a list of shares in which a few respectable and high-class concerns are mixed up with the special rubbish which the tout has to sell. Of course, the paper runs a department for the purchase and sale of shares; it is mostly for the proprietor to sell, as anyone will find who tries. Our readers may take the share department as a sure sign of the cloven hoof.

Any number of companies are started for the express purpose of getting rid of the shares in this way, while in the case of many more, a public issue having failed to produce a reasonable application, the balance of the capital is thus palmed off on the gullible countryman by the promoters, who have had to take it *pro tem*.

The vendors go to one of the touts who run these papers, and put the "call" of a block of shares in his hands at, say, five shillings each, and the tout thereupon proceeds to puff them in his rag, and to offer them at 25s. as a bargain to his readers. If he sells none, he is very little out of pocket; while if he gets rid of a few hundred he nets a good profit, besides which the promoters and directors are not responsible for any amount of lies which the tout likes to tell in his so-called newspaper, while the victim, as a purchaser of shares, has no remedy against anyone but the seller, who is, of course, a dummy.

The whole system is a gigantic fraud, which flourishes under the eyes of the police and in spite of—almost by reason of—the very laws designed to protect innocent investors.

Our readers may be sure that all the wretched financial rags which are so kindly sent them gratis from week to week, are not printed and posted out of pure philanthropy, and we urge them not only to have no dealings with the share department of any one of them, but to also purchase, even through their own brokers, nothing which comes recommended in this way. As a rule, however respectable a company may appear to be, if the *Investor's Friend* or the *Shareholder's Companion* (to invent fancy names), sent to you free, puffs it, there is a screw loose somewhere.

MINES.

There is very little to say about these. Their actual merits have almost nothing to do with the movements recorded from day to day—politics overshadow everything. If a good crushing or a rich find happens to be announced on a day when something of an alarming character has occurred regarding Crete, prices go down in spite of it. It does not matter much what part of the world you are considering, the markets throughout are political. If you happen to extricate yourself from the Cretan Question, you at once run your head against either the internal troubles of the Transvaal or the cognate matter of the South African Parliamentary Committee. Westralians stagnant; Kaffirs weak; other things no interest taken in them—that is a fair description of the state of affairs.

In the Kaffir Circus things have got to such a pass that, although the failures have been few, many of the jobbers have practically ceased to do business because there is none to do. President Krüger's little game of muzzling the bench of the Transvaal High Court has but added to the prevailing hopelessness of the position, for, with a Press which dare not write the truth for fear of being suppressed, and a bench of judges which dare not give an honest judgment for fear of being dismissed, things have come to a pretty pass. By-and-by, when the preposterous indemnity is refused by the British Government, we shall probably see the reason for the campaign which Mr. Krüger is now engaged upon; but meanwhile it looks as if the public not only won't increase its commitments in the country, but wishes to withdraw the money already invested.

The end, of course, will be that at last the cup of Mr. Krüger's iniquities will overflow, and thirty thousand British bayonets will be required to put things straight. There are not a few members of the Stock Exchange who say, "the sooner the better." For ourselves, we think the end is not yet.

Although not quite so bad, the West Australian Market is very sick. Mr. A. H. P. Stoneham is sending out still a fresh circular, but it strikes most people that he doth protest too much. "It is the general opinion in London as well as in Western Australia that a revival must come," &c. Poor Mr. Stoneham! The wish is father to the thought in his case, no doubt, and the general opinion of which he talks so glibly perhaps does exist among those of his friends who have a lot of paper which it would suit them to exchange for good honest sovereigns; in other circles the accuracy of Mr. Stoneham's views is not admitted.

The last time the world was treated to a circular from this quarter, it only increased the slump. Let us hope the same effect will not follow the latest effusion.

NEW COMPANIES.

A useful hint to the investor is that, in times like the present, when the nervous tension is extreme, a fresh issue of capital is either, in all probability, a very good or a very bad thing. There are many companies of such standing that they run no serious risk in applying for capital even when investors are most distrustful. But there is also a class of a very different kind—the kind in which it is absolutely necessary to float the undertaking, or to try to do so, whether the prevailing conditions are propitious or not. The latter class is rather unpleasantly in evidence at the moment.

ROAD CAR DIRECTORS' FEES.

It was rather funny to follow the course of the agitation against the proposed increase of the fees paid to the directors of the London Road Car Company. Argument No. 1 was that the increase must be resisted because the request for it came from the directors themselves. We must say that we fail to see why a company director, more than any other servant, should be debarred from asking an increase of his pay. It can be refused, of course, and the disappointed applicant can resign his appointment if he chooses; but to refuse the increase on the ground that it was applied for seems, to say the least of it, absurd. The next argument adduced by the opponents of the increased allowance was that it was to be made permanent by an alteration of the Articles of Association. That is quite as ridiculous. If the shareholders can increase the directors' fees by altering the Articles—which, of course, they can do—it is equally open to them to reduce them again by a similar process. There is no more permanency about the new arrangement for paying the directors than there was about the previous one.

The real truth is that in the last ten years the position of the Road Car Company has completely changed, the work of the Board must have more than doubled, and the increased fees asked for are not excessive, when the increased turnover of the company is considered.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

The value of Stock Exchange securities has depreciated considerably during the past month. Taking the three hundred and twenty-five representative securities dealt with by the *Banker's Magazine* in its interesting table compiled every month, we find there has been an aggregate decrease in value of over thirty-four millions sterling, or 1 per cent. The most noteworthy depreciation has taken place in British Funds and Foreign Government stocks, the former having declined £7,000,000, or 0·8 per cent., the latter £9,000,000, or 1·1 per cent. This heavy fall, of course, is attributable to the political situation in the East. Home Rails have also suffered from the same cause, the Ordinary stocks of the nineteen companies dealt with having declined as much as £6,000,000, or 1·8 per cent. English Banks have given way, probably in anticipation of cheaper money, the fall being £877,000, or 2 per cent. The ten leading South African mines have had a very severe drop of £3,475,000, being 9·4 per cent. The only improvement worth recording is a rise of £386,000 in Colonial Government Inscribed stock, being at the rate of 1·2 per cent.

"THE INVESTOR'S REVIEW."

We know in these dull times it is hard to run a periodical such as Mr. Wilson conducts; but the March number might have been edited by Mr. Labouchere, so extravagantly Little Englander is it in all its chief articles. When investment topics are few and far between, Mr. Wilson rushes off to politics, which, as the samples he usually gives his readers are unpopular with the class for whom he caters, is a great mistake. Warlike expenditure, an attack on the Government of India, and an article about the troubles of the ratepayers, are all poor stuff on which to regale those who buy the magazine as a help to their financial speculations. In a mass of chaff the reader will find a few financial notes and remarks on companies' balance-sheets which will repay him for reading.

THE CHEQUE BANK.

Our readers know we never loved this concern as an investment for their money or our own; but that the secretary should be touting for buyers of shares, whether belonging to a deceased estate or not, appears to us a most undignified and outrageous proceeding. In high-class companies such things are usually sternly prohibited by the Board, and it behoves the gentlemen who preside over the Cheque Bank to prevent the repetition of what can hardly prove anything but detrimental to the prestige of the institution.

NEW ISSUE.

The British Cycle Manufacturing Company, Limited.—This is one of those cycle companies which should, in our judgment, be avoided. Puffed by financial rags circulated free, producing a class of machine which is bound to be among the first to feel the pinch of competition, and with a waiver clause in the prospectus which takes from the wretched allottee even the elementary remedies given him by the law, only very foolish people are likely to be found among the applicants for shares.

The Rudge-Whitworth (Foreign), Limited.—This long-expected company is at last issued. The capital is £200,000 in shares of £1 each, of which only £125,000 will be issued now. It is formed to work the business of the English company on the Continent and in the United States. All the world knows that the name of Rudge-Whitworth stands among the front rank of bicycle-builders, and we can readily believe that last year the company could not supply its foreign orders. This company will probably subdivide its business again, and meanwhile will pay the English company a royalty of ten shillings on all cycles manufactured, or five shillings on every cycle made of component parts purchased.

On the whole, we think that the Rudge-Whitworth (Foreign) Company will probably do well, and we expect that several of our other big makers will have to adopt a like plan to maintain their foreign connection.

Saturday, Feb. 27, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KANDY.—We fear that the time between your posting your letter and our reply reaching you is so long that all value in the answer will be gone. We believe Nos. 1 and 2 are good mines; as to No. 3 we are doubtful. As to purchases just now, see our general remarks on the state of the Mining Market.

J. W.—We wrote you fully on Feb. 24.

A. B. C.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5. How any broker is to sell shares which cost you £5 at a profit when the official quotation is $4\frac{1}{4}$ – $4\frac{3}{4}$, we do not know. You really should think twice before you ask such impossibilities.

H. E. S.—The company you inquire about is a fair concern and respectable enough; but it is not one we should advise you to invest in.

TWO QUESTIONS.—(1) The bonds, we think, are good enough, and if they were our own we should not sell them. If the railway went into a Receiver's hands—which we do not expect—no doubt you would run a risk of losing your interest for a time. (2) These shares are not to our liking; they are a speculation which may turn out well.

TASMANIA.—We have no reason to think these shares will prove a good investment or a likely speculation.

B. J. C.—Inquiries made locally incline us to think well of the shares. Since we wrote our answer last week this information has reached us.

LITERATURE.—The drop in price has been caused by a continual run of small sellers, who probably took the shares as a speculation. The company is making splendid profits. As to the financial rag mentioned in your letter, it is of the worst kind, and anyone who takes any notice of what it says must be a fool. When people send you papers for nothing you may be sure they have ends of their own to serve.

WATERCRESS.—The industrials mentioned by you are, except No. 4, all good; but 1 and 3 are very high. We think No. 2 is a good purchase, and you might buy a few Salmon and Gluckstein, which we consider a good speculation. Sanitas shares also are worth picking up.

J. D. B.—See last answer. We think the shares cheap, but, because of the directorate, people have been prejudiced against them.

STAMFORD.—Our answer to "W. D." applied to this company. Everything in the Mining Market is dwindling away because there are no buyers. We were advised from New Zealand that, however good the properties may prove, they would take years to develop. Next week we will give you more information, but we may say that we are dissatisfied with the management on this side and disappointed at a very able gentleman who was engaged as manager in New Zealand resigning his appointment. We should think the best thing to do would be to clear out and cut the loss. We have done this ourselves.

F. C. P.—(1) This is a really good mine, but, as to buying shares now, we would rather not advise. Our own opinion is against any purchases of mines at this moment. (2) Certain trust companies have been realising. (3) We doubt the £1 a-share dividend. (4) We have little to add to what we have said about Burbank's Birthday Gift. By people here we are assured that the mine is all right. The directors are said to be unwilling to declare a dividend until their own ten head of stamps are in working order and they have an ample water supply.

A. W. M.—All your list is speculative, but fairly good. We mentioned Machinery Trust some weeks ago. See answer to "Watercress."

A CONSTANT READER.—The Cambrian Railway is improving, and beginning to pay arrears of debenture interest. There are four issues of pref. stock, the highest and lowest prices of which in 1896 were: No. 1, 80 highest, 80 lowest; No. 2, 42 highest, 42 lowest; No. 3, 23 highest, 23 lowest; No. 4, $11\frac{1}{2}$ highest, 11 lowest. It will probably be some years before any dividend is paid on any of these. Devon and Somerset "C" debentures are called 7 to 9; the line is slowly improving, but at present pays only 3 per cent. on the "A" debentures.

PERTH.—We consider Lady's Pictorial pref. quite safe. See this week's "Notes" as to the gutter rag you quote from.

INQUIRER (Ireland).—The price is $\frac{1}{2}$ par.

ENGINEER.—Your letter was replied to on Feb. 27.

The general meeting of the shareholders of Aspinall's Enamel, Limited, was held on Feb. 23, when the report and accounts for the year 1896 were duly approved. The directors recommended a dividend making 5 per cent. for the year, and a substantial sum was added to reserve.

The Chairman in his address remarked that the sale of Aspinall's Enamel in tins and tinlets was as large as ever, and that the company was making a special feature of an enamel for decorative purposes, which had been used with great success at some of the large hotels in the West End. He also remarked that their other manufactures were meeting with due appreciation from the public, particularly "Wapieti," the sanitary washable distemper. This is an article which is largely used by large institutions, War Office and others, and is highly suitable for the walls of public buildings, hospitals, and private houses.

After the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.